

PALLANTUS ^{5.}

AND

EUDORA

A

Tragoëdie.

Written by

MR. HENRY KILLIGREW.

MART.

Victurus Genium debet habere liber.



L O N D O N.

Printed for John Hardesty at the Black-Spread-Eagle
in Duck-lane, 1653.

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M. A. R.

Victoria County Library

LONDON.

Printed for John Mackintosh at the Black-Spring-Flag
in Black-Land, 1823.

The Publisher to the Reader.



When this Play came first abroad into the World, it found the approbation of the most Excellent Persons, and best Masters of this Kind of Writing which were in that time, if there were ever better in any time; *Ben. Johnson* being then alive, who gave a Testimonie of this Piece even to be Envy'd. Nor doe I know more than One Objection, that was ever made against it, Which was, The indecorum that appear'd to Some in the Part of *Cleander*, who being represented a Person of seventeen yeares of age, is made to speak words, that would better sute with the age of thirty. But the Answer that was given to One, that cried out upon the *Monsterousnesse* and *Impossibilitie* of this thing, the first day of the Presentation of this Play at the *Black-Friers*; by the Lord Viscount *Faulkland*, may satisfie All Others; and if the Considerableness of the Answer, and Answerer, be duly weigh'd, may serve no lesse for an Ornament and Patronage to the Author. The passage was thus. This Noble Person, having for some time suffered the unquiet, and impertinent Dislikes of this Auditor, when he made this last Exception, forbore him no longer, but (though he were one he knew not) told him, *Sir, 'tis not altogether so Monsterous and Impossible, for One of Seventeen yeares to speak at such a Rate, when He that made him speak in that manner, and writ the whole Play, was Himself no Older.* I shall say no more of the Worth, or former Opinion had of this Piece, it being in hand, to shew what it Merits, or Merits not.

A few things I have to adde, concerning my present Publication, which are these. That this Play never saw the light in its true Shape till this day: a former Impression there has been of it, but One, nor onely deform'd with all the Errors of an Uncorrected Presse, but what might else proceed from a false and imperfect Transcript; the Originall Coppy being then (together with the Writer of it) in *Italy*. Who was so farre from consenting to the printing of his Book at that time, that he had not then Corrected thole parts of it, which he was forc'd to passe over with lesse care, by reason of the hasty calling of it out of his hands, by the Entertainment for which it was desig'nd. So that (I may say) the former Impression is no better than a *Corrupted Fragment*, or *Foul Draught*, of what this Play was intended, and differing so much from what it now is, that if the Corrections, Expungings, and Additions, be consider'd, it is almost the one half otherwise. This hath made me likewise impose a New Name upon it: for it is a Creature now wholly at my Disposition, and belonging to me, not as to a Plagiare, but a Susceptor, or Foster-father, that has taken up this Child long since Ejected by the True Parent. And my desire, is to have it shew as little Affinity and Resemblance as is possible to its Anti-type; whose Prejudices it can no way better remove from it self, than by shewing them False; and Despising them.

MART.

*Multum crede mihi, refert, a fonte bibatur
Qua fluit, an pigro qua stupet unda lata;*

The Persons of the Play.

The King a Usurper.

Timeus his Sonne.

Polyander }
Minetius } two Lords.

Comastes a buffonish Lord.

Coracinus }
Argestes } Servants to Timeus.

Harpastes }
Melampus } two Villaines.

Eudora Sister to Timeus.

Rodia her Woman.

2. Ladies

Cleander the true King of Crete,
a Youth.

Clearchus a stranger Prince.

Pallantus first Prince of Crete, dis-
guis'd.

Aratus }
Phronimus } three great Lords.
Eurylochus }

Haimantus Admirall of Clearchus
Fleet.

Acates Tutor to Cleander.

Flamen.

Poet.

Waiters.

Guard.

Souldiers.

Hianthe Sister to Cleander.

Melissa her Woman.

2. Ladies

CHORUS

of

Priests and People.

The Scene

CRETE.

One hat, an eye and a foot
Mistaken words will, expect a fountain

PALLANTUS and EUDORA
A
TRAGEDY.

[ACTUS, I. SCENA, I.]

A Banquet set out. Loud Musick. Enter the King, Comastes, Aratus, Polyander, Phronimus, Eurylochus, and Menetius.

King.

O happiness like the Fools, *Comastes?*

Com. No, none Sir. Hee's mirth it self, and the cause
Of it in others. They say, all pleasure
Is a shadow; then that which we enjoy,
Is onely the shadow of a shadow,
Hardly the Picture of what he embraces.
Our delights are faint, thwarted with fears,
Disgusted by the conscience, and after

An hour of pleasure, succeeds a week of
Repentance: in which time we live by Rule,
And not by Nature; laugh not, though the jest
Be good; nor rage, though at a just cause;
But sickly whisper out our sayings,
As if they were our last. When the Fool lists
With his whole soul too, and sins till hee's weary;
Knows no conscience, but his Want-that-way, nor
Remorse, but Disability. *King: Ha, ha, ha.*

Com. Nature never shew'd her liberality
More, than to those she was sparing of her
Best gifts to. She houses Wisdom in a
Body full of decays, such as requires
Her whole strength to bear up the ruine;
Measures his legs with the Spiders, gives him
Pale, and wan looks, scarce alter'd from the earth
He was made of. Where to the Ideot, she
Bestowes a body, equal with the Bulks
Of Trees, and armes as thunder-proof, makes him
A strong, a large, and healthy Fool. *King Ha, ha, ha.*

Ara. Fit Lectures for such a Schollar.

King Well Comastes,
Thou shalt not want for a Coat, if that will do't.

Com. Send me a Mind too with it, and you have not
A greater present for your Neighbour-Princes.

King Come my Lords let's sit. And fill up our Cups,
Make them like our joyes, still full and flowing.
Thus it should be my Lords in a state that
Knows no troubles: let unhappy Princes,
Whom losses do afflict, and fears affright,
Make Annual-Feasts; but we whose even affairs
Do follow one another, and do keep
Their just Periods, though the Reines are loose,

And their Guide sleep, seeming rather so to
Have faln-out, than so caus'd : each day shall
Be a Triumph, each hour a Feast.

Ara. We may chance to find one out for Funerals.

King A health to all, and a long peace.

Com. You are melancholly *Aratus*.

Ara. You are rude *Comastes*, and let me tell you ———

Poly. O let his Lord-ship alone. He's one of those
Which say their prayers backward for the State.

Ara. You are the Foxes that thrive by it.

Phro. *Aratus* your anger is unseasonable,
And the *King* marks it.

King How now *Aratus*,
What's the matter ? Our Table should know no frowns,
And then least, when we our self forbears 'em.

Ara. Royal Sir, I ask your pardon. He wak'd me
Something rudely, and got a froward answer.

King What, all dead ? Fill another round, our Wine
Moves not. Here *Polyander*, to thee ———

What think'st thou of *Comaste's* happiness ?

Poly. I think Sir, 'tis as dull, as foolish.
There cannot be a fence of pleasure, where
There is so little fence. Greatness is the Centre
Of all happiness, and felicity,
Like our Lands at first, is ty'd to the Crown.
Kings comes near unto the Gods, and are like them
Both in power and pleasure; do command all,
Enjoy all, are miserable onely in having
Of too much, and wanting what to wish for.
Theirs is the dazzling happiness. 'Tis idle
Therefore to prefer Private joyes before
The Crown-pleasures. The King may throw by his
Greatness when he please, and be poorly happy;
But the Begger will nere sigh unto a Scepter.

King Why I *Polyander*, ther's some life in this;
A little heaven even in the apprehension.

Aratus art not thou of this opinion ?

Ara. Not I Sir, nor of my Lord the Fools there.
Kings are more miserable, than they seem
Happy; flatter'd by themselves and others,
Into a joy that is not, and what they feel,
They rather do imagine than find so.
Yet I grant too, a King may be happy,
But not then as a King. Felicity
Is a Purchase, and no Inheritance,
Nor has the Prerogative more than one life
In't ever, it dyes still with the Buyer.
Troubles are the good Kings profession,
In the Wars the first Dart is thrown at him,
Where oft times his happiness is in a
Glorious death; or perhaps his God-like Raies
Are pluck'd from him by some accursed hand,
And so falls less happy, being after
Vainly wish'd so by a poor revenge he
Knows not.

Com. Very Grave, and unseasonable !
Thus your Lord-ship gets the reputation
Of Singularity, which the Vulgar
Suspect to be Wisdom. *Ara.* Sir you see
How this place and my freenes are injur'd.

King Mirth, onely mirth *Aratus*. He means
Thy speech would better have become a Council,

aside

Comastes strikes *Aratus*
on the shoulder.

Than a Banquet. *Timon* welcome. Nay
 Keep your seats. Would thou had'st been partaker
 Of our Mirth. *Time*. Sir, when my actions, or my age,
 Shall make me worthy of your ease and pleasures,
 I shall be a thankfull sharer : but till then,
 Your Troubles will become me better than
 Your Sports, and Cares will sit more lovely on
 My Brow than Roses. Sir, those that are about you
 Seek to drown your Vertues. *Ara*. Your Highnesse meanes
 None here ? *Time*. I name none here my Lord. *King*. Nay *Timon*,
 Thou nere look'st friendly on our pleasures.

Time. I must confesse Sir, I had rather see you
 Bloudy than thus Wet ; nor are my Wishes
 Impious. *Polyander*. *Poly*. My Lord.

Time. How basely that Smile became thee. I had
 Rather thou had'st answer'd me with a Blow
 Than such a Look. I thought to have ask't thee
 Something, but I see thou art unworthy
 Of a brave Demand. Thy Skill lies onely
 In the Curiosity of a Meal,
 To say at the first touch o'th' tongue. this is
 A Chian, this a Falernian Wine.
 Streight by the colour of the flesh to know,
 Whether the fowl were cram'd, or whether fed,
 Prethee *Polyander*, how far the Wind
 When this Bore was slain ? Were not these Apples
 Pull'd the Moon Encreasing ? Degenerate !
 I have seen thee put thy face into a Frown,
 And were't so constant in that look, as if
 Thou had'st no other. *Poly*. Sir, when you shall find,
 Or make a cause, I'll put them on again,
 Here they'll but sour the Entertainment.

Com. You see, my Lord, they are not drown'd, they live
 Still under water. *Time*. Like thine, Beast.

King Prethee *Timon* let us enjoy our Mirth
 While the Gods give it : the time will come,
 That we shall wish for it, and not have it.
 On my Conscience thou could'st be content
 To have Enemies, onely that thou might'st cut 'em off.

Time. I am sorry, Sir, if I have offended
 Against your Mirth, it was not my intent.
 I came to bring you News. *King* News ? What is't ? Good ?

Time. 'Tis as you shall esteem of't Sir : There's
 A Stranger Prince arriv'd. *King* Hither ? *Time*. Yes Sir.
 His Visit 's forc't by a Storm, as he pretends.

King. What ere the Occasion is, he shall be
 Welcome. The time's far spent. *Ara*us, it
 Shall be thy Employment. From us fairly
 Salute the Prince, and tell him, though the Seas
 Have been Unfriendly, the Land shall Court him.

Ara. Great Sir, you highly Honour me.

Phro. So, now we have time to speak : What think'st thou, *Exeunt* all but *Ara*us,
*Ara*us of these passages ? *Ara*us. Well, bravely well. *Phronimus*, and *Emy*us.

Emy. Your speech strook desperately at the King :
 He will not swallow it without some touch of jealousy.

Ara. 'Tis no matter. He cannot crosse us now.
 We have nottan'e so many yeares to build
 A Work up, and then to have it ruin'd
 With a push. No, he that will shake't, must first
 Overthrow a Kingdome, a Prince, a Law, so large
 The Extents are : Nere did Plot thrive like it,
 It has infected with the Holy Sore

The ~~greatest~~ part o' th' Realm, and catches daily;
 Like some Unheard of New Opinions
 Streightned at first, and prison'd in the breasts
 Of two or three, gain strength by Time, and Eares,
 And daily fed by curiosity,
 Thrust out at last the Old, and most Receiv'd,
 And grow the whole Religion of the Place.
 When we have call'd our Party forth, the Work
 Will seem done, the thin Numbers that are left,
 Not deserving the Name of Enemies.
 The Tyrant then will see himself no more
 A King, but onely the Wretched Cause of Warre,
 His Power being ravisht from him.

Phr. While the fruit's thus ripe, why doe we let it grow?

Eury. And spoil perhaps? *Arat.* We will no longer, onely
 A little Ceremony detaines us

To Crown our King, that past, our actions
 With our thoughts shall then contend in swiftnesse.

Phro. How sped your visit to the young Prince?

Arat. Most happily: O had you seen with me
 The Dear Cause of this our Danger, how Cheap
 Would you have thought the Greatest for his Sake,
 And stood contemning Life, shinking your blood
 Ill-flor'd within your veines, when that his service
 Call'd it? sure 'twas some such Shape and Sweetnes
 Which first slav'd men, and gain'd a Rule, before there was
 A Kingdome. *Eury.* You forget your Message to the Prince.

Arat. 'Tis true; pray bear me Company, we may get thanks
 For our Complement another day.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Harpastes.

Harp. Devill, whether wilt thou hurle me? The Ship
 Sunk under so much Ill, nor can the Earth
 Bear us both together: the greatest Hills
 Presse not her face with half that Load; one thought
 Of Goodnesse made me lighter than the Waves,
 And in an instant taught me how to swim.

Enter Melampus to him.

Melampus! *Melam.* *Harpastes!* *Harp.* Are we onely scap't?

Melam. I hope so. *Harp.* Then the Storm has plaid the Hangman,
 And sav'd us Innocent. *Melam.* Innocent! What's that?

It has sav'd us so much labour, and a broken head perhaps.

Harp. The Wrack was great, and full of horror.

Melam. How the rogues pray'd, and roar'd above the Waves.
 Vow'd whole heards of Off'rings for their safety.

But Neptune sav'd 'em Charges, and took the
 Verier Beasts. *Harp.* We scapt miraculously.

Melam. I hope you'll burn no Bullocks to the Sea.

Harp. No, my Vowes were of another Nature.
 I vow'd to live well, and change my bloody purpose.

Melam. Thou did'st not mean in Earnest?

Harp. I did then, but I no sooner toucht the shore,
 And safety, but my Old thoughts return'd.

Melam. Come, wee'l goe claim our Hire, and swear we kill'd him
 Before the storm. Our Fellowes dead-pay will

Fall to us. Wee'l demand for losses, I,
 And our dangers too. *Harp.* If my Eyes deceive
 Me not, here comes one will deny the payment.

Enter Pallantus.

Melam. 'Tis he, how the Devil scapt he? Be resolute, and second me.

Pallan. How now friends, amaz'd at what's past? Dangers
 Ore-blown are Dreames, no more to be esteemed of,
 Within this hour you would have given a world,

To stand thus had it been yours; let not smaller
 Losses then afflict you. The greatest Riches
 Are trifles after such Deliverance.
 Our Birth-day was not half to us so happy,
 As is this Minute, then we had no sence
 Of Life, now we perceive and joy in't.

What mov'd these Villaines hatred? Sure they know
 Me not: Nor did I ere see them before
 This Voyage! They could not hope for Money:
 There's more in't. Let me see—What's here, a beard?
 Black patches? Sure 'tis their trade they are so
 Furnisht. Both are of the same profession.

They assault him, and he kills 'em.

He searches 'em.

He finds a Letter about the last.

*I am glad to hear you have found Pallantus, receive this man the bearer into your
 Company and Counsell, and if your secret practises fail you, assault him openly, and
 by violence perform the Murder; let the one or the other be done speedily, my impley-
 ments here for you are many, and instant.*

Your Lord and Friend, Timeus.

Art thou the Lord, my wonder then is o're!
 Thy Treachery was ever greater than thy Hate,
 And that too was something more than Malice,
 Above the search of Innocence, a Knot
 Unto the subtil'st Traitors, a Rid'de
 To thy self. Were not thy Home-Cruelties
 Enough, but thou must maintain thy Factors
 Out for lives in Forrain Kingdomes? I have
 Lain hid so long, am now so New Form'd by Art,
 No friend can know me, Hate, thy Eyes are more
 Percieving far than Friendships. I have not
 Dared to Name my self, because with it I doe
 Name my Father, and yet thou hast me perfect.
 Him, with many more, that were to Good to look on
 So much Ill, as thine, and thy fathers Lives,
 Were made away.—Some God give me temper,
 Or too much Rage, instead of a Revenger,
 Will turn me a Stock, a Fool. Hear me yee
 Banisht Gods (for I may justly fear
 If that your powers are absent any where,
 'Tis from this place where Tyranny doth raige)
 On this Altar I doe vow, to be your
 Martyr, If not your surviving Instrument,
 Nere to let fall your Vengeance, till it light
 On those which slew the King, your King, the
 Image of your Goodnesse. Which kill'd the Prince,
 And dared to say that he was lost, lost indeed.
 Which on the Princess doe intend a Rape,
 Their Marriage is no better. Which slew
 My Father, and last resolv'd on me.
 Had I a thousand lives I'd 'gage them here,
 And think your judgement yet not bought too dear

Enter Aratus, Phronimus, and Eurylochus.

Arat. In the name of wonder what art thou? *Pall.* Why?
 What am I Sir? *Arat.* Nay, I know not,
 Nor does any but an Antiquary,
 Or a Conjurer, certainly, Th'art no Man,
 Or if thou be'st, I am sure none of the
 Last Edition. *Pall.* Were your Troop absent,
 I'd make you find I were without those helps.
 'Tis so long since you saw a Man, a true One,

That you know not when you meet one. Your Lordships
Glas shewed you none this morning. *Enry.* Whence camest thou?

Ara. I, that I'd fain know, here's no hole open
In the Earth. *Pall.* From Sea. *Ara.* From the bottom sure,
Above Water nothing floats like thee.

Phro. Of what profession art thou? a Soldier?

Pall. Yes. *Ara.* Thou shouldst be hang'd for thy very looks
If thou wert not, they are excusable

In no Calling else. *Pall.* I know ye all, but

At this time will not be known unto you.

These are some insolent Scoffers, that breath

Their Wits on all they see weaker than themselves

Against they meet the Fool next, I wrong my self

To talk to'em. *Enry.* Dost hear? *Pall.* None of your wit yet.

Enry. Thou bleed'st! *Pall.* Was't that made me such a wonder?

I do so. *Enry.* And much blood is spilt upon

The Ground. Know'st thou the cause? *Pall.* Yes, I was

Affaulted by two Rank Rascals, which I

Let blood, and cured. *Phro.* Hast thou not kill'd, and rob'd 'em?

Pall. Sir your thoughts are base. And you do ill thus

To insult upon my Innocency. Rob'd 'em;

Money's more below my thoughts, than Earth:

My Education has been Noble, and

Though the Midwife wrapt me not in Purple,

Nor Princes Gossipt at my Birth, I have

Dared to be as Honest as the Greatest.

My Word hath commanded more, than all your

Lands and Money. Those Deeds which I have done,

Dishonesty dared not to have look'd on.

They would have frighted your Lordship, if but

Told you toward bed-time. *Phro.* I never saw

Such fierceness! *Ara.* I begin to admire this fellow!

Enry. Where hast thou belov'd 'em? *Pall.* behind there;

If you search 'em you may find more. What Money

They had, the Sea wash'd 'em clean of before their deaths.

Phro. Why, were they cast away? *Pall.* Yes, but it seems,

They had a Land-fate. *Ara.* Who's here, rogues limbs?

Their two heads a piece? *Phro.* Here's a Paper speaks 'em

Most notorious Villains. *Enry.* They were proper men:

Ara. They were so. Did'st kill 'em both, alone?

Pall. I told you once so, and am not proud of't

To boast it o're again, and tell you how I did it.

Ara. Trust me th'art a brave fellow.

And I admire thy stoutness. Thou look'st

As if thou hadst been Nurc'd in perils.

Darest thou with us confront a Bold One?

But as Honest, as 'tis Great. What say'st thou?

Canst thou like of us? *Phro.* Thou shalt not find us

As we appear'd at first. *Pall.* While ye talk thus

I can. And in your Business, if Honesty

Go yok'd with Danger, it cannot fright me then.

No, though all the Monsters of Sea and Land,

And Hell to boot, were fram'd into one Horror,

I'd face it, Charge it, and wager a life

I'd Conquer it. *Ara.* Thy words go high as thunder.

Pall. Pardon my words, if my actions bear up

Equal. *Ara.* I believe they will,

And dare promise thou wilt do wonders.

Let me embrace the——Th'art welcome to our

Friendship. Mine eyes did look on thee unworthily

Before, me thinks th'art Comely now, thy scars

Are so many Graces, not set by an

aside

they search the
villaines.

Effeminate, but by a manly, and
A War-like skill. Business calls us hence, thou shalt not
Part one Minute from me. Thy wounds needs help,
Come, thou shalt Heal before me.

Exit Amintor.

Enter *Clearchus*, and *Haimantus*.

Cle. Have you commanded all the Mariners
Aboard, each Captain to his charge, bid the
Souldiers fill the Decks with their full numbers,
And display their Colours, left nothing wanting
That may add to the Glory of the Navy?

Haim. Sir, all things are in their Pride and height.
The Captains Bravery seems to lend brightness
To the day, and like the Sun, throwes raies, and light
About 'em: Nor lookstheir Gold less awful,
Than the Souldiers Steel. On the Ships appear
The Joy and Riches of a Conquest, and yet they
Keep the Order of a joyning-battel.

There wants nothing to make a War-like, Princely,
And well-commanded Navy, but your Presence Sir.

Clearch. I would not have them think us such Poor Men,
That we are drove to seek for their Relief,
To sue for Bread and Water; but rather
That we come like Noble Woers, full of
Rewards and Presents, able to return
All favours we receive, and equally
To honour Them, that honour Us, as Great
As they. It shall appear, that he that is
Master of such a Fleet, may style himself
Prince, though Lord of nothing else. *Haim.* The people
Flock upon the shore, and with one Voyce say,
You come to fetch their Princesses. Sir, you have
More than their Consents already, you have
Their wishes too. *Clearch.* I marry *Haimantus*,

Such a Jewel would make the rest look dim!
There are two Ladies in this Isle (if fame
Say true) the wonders of the World! When Nature
Made them, she summon'd her whole God-head,
And unwearied wrought till she had done,
Form'd each limb as if she had begun there:
She seem'd to practise on the World till then,
And what like beautiful she fram'd before,
Were but Degrees to this Height, these the Ascent,
From which she now must fall! They made her Older
Than the labour of a thousand years ———

Serv. Ther's a great train, it seems from Court, coming
To your Highness. *Clearch.* Come, lets meet 'em.

Enter a Servant.

As *Clearchus* is going out, *Ara*, *Phronimus*,
Eurylochus and *Pallantus* meet him.

Ara. Sir, the King congratulates your safety,
And is glad of your Arrival, though the Cause
Were dangerous. You would have Oblig'd him
Much Sir, if you had been bound for *Greet*.

Clearch. The King is Royal, and chides me kindly.
He binds a Stranger ever to his Service.

Ara. His Majesty expects you'll honour him
With your Presence this night at Court. *Clearch.* My Lord;

I shall wait upon him. But I must first
 Entreat, you'll favour me with your Company
 A ship-board. I shall not need to excuse
 A Soldiers Entertainment, I doubt not,
 But your Lordships knows it well; Courtesie and
 Plainnesse are the Praise of it. *Arat.* Sir you are
 The Envy of your Neighbour Princes, you
 So farre exceed them in a Brave Command;
 I nere was happy in the like fight before.
 And my Lord, they that can boast the strangest,
 Have not seen one so Common, and so Rare.
 Your Navy lookes, as if she wore the Spoiles
 Of a whole Land, or came to purchase 'em.

Clea. My Lord you'll make me proud. Your presence yet
 Will adde unto its Glory.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Timonius, and Coracinus

Time. Found dead upon the shore! *Cor.* I my Lord,
 Thrown into a Cliffe. *Time.* Were they drown'd?

Cor. 'Tis believ'd not, my Lord: for many fresh Wounds
 Were found upon their bodies; and yet their Clothes
 Were wet. *Time.* 'Tis strange! Were there but two?

Cor. No my Lord.

Time. That's stranger yet. Reward the Men that found them,
 And bid 'm make no farther enquiry

Exit Coraci.

After their Deaths, nor speak of it. Let it
 Die with you too, doe you hear? The Villaines
 Have rob'd at their return, and got their deaths
 That way. I nere could spare 'em worse; the State
 Stands in greater need of theirs, than of the
 Sword of Justice. *Rodias.* *Rod.* My Lord.

*He calls Rodia,
 and she Enters.*

Time. Is your Lady to be spoke with? *Rod.* Always,
 My Lord, by you. But now she's coming forth.

Enter Endora.

Time. Save you sweet Sister. *End.* O y^e are welcome Sir.

Time. Sure Endora, Venus and the Graces
 Had their hands to day about you! You look
 Fairer than your self, and move in the Splear
 Of Love and Beauty; Cupid has taken
 His Stand up in your Eyes, and shootes at all
 That come before him! Pray Venus he misse me.

End. When doe you grow serious? *Time.* These are the Fair Looks
 Must captivate the Stranger Prince in a Free Country?
 And this the Dresse that must inchant him? ha.

End. There is no Charm in't certainly; it pleas'd
 Me the least of Many. No, 'tis your Fair
 Mistresse, that beares those Love-Nets about her:
 If she Stranger scape her, he's safe. *Time.* 'Had better
 Kill his Father, and then gaze upon the
 Spectacle, than look upon her with the
 Eyes of Love. *End.* Nay then you are unjust.

Would you have him stronger than your self was?
 If he for that be guilty, the same Doom
 Must belong to both alike. *Time.* But I have
 Prevail'd so far, that he shall be free, both
 From the danger of Love, and seeing.
 Nor must You make up his entertainment.

End. I was Commanded to be ready, and
 Attend there. *Time.* But now the Commissioners alter'd,
 And runs in the Other Sence. *End.* I shall be

Content to obey either. May I not
know the cause? *Time.* You may. **We would not face**
The Prince here with hopes to get a Wife. **This**
Was the Storm that drove him in. **Normust you**
Onely for this time forbear his presence,
But while he staies. He's unworthy of you.

End. If you know him so, I shall then without
Excuse denie his Visits. But I think
This businesse may be borne a Nobler Way;
Nor will the End Fail, though the Meanes be Fair.
Leave it to me: If he Sue with Honour,
He will take an Honourable Answer;
Though he gain none from me, I'll get his Love,
And send him home no lesse a Friend, than if
He were a Husband. By my Restraint, you'll
Onely procure unto your self, the markes
Of Jealousie and Rudenesse, and fouler Staines,
If that the Crime were nam'd to the desert
Besides, it does proclaim in Me too such
A Weaknesse, as I am much asham'd of.
Had he a Face adorn'd with the Graces
Of both Sexes, Beauty, and Manlinesse,
And these (after the Custome of the Roman
Princes in their Statues) Engrast on
On the body of some God, I could look on
Converse, and neglect him too, when I
Have reason for it. Fear not me then.

Time. I do not, I know thee strong, the Honour
Of a Kingdome may lean with safety on Thee.
But he will linger here too long, besot
The State with Feastings, and in this Jollity
Give Opportunity to Treacherous
Practises. He must be us'd ill, there are
Reasons for it. *End.* Is there then a Policie
In Rudenesse? Why doe you not rather send
A Defiance to him? Proclaim him Enemie?

This were Nobler far, than to receive him
In your armes, and then Affront him; say **Health**
And wish Poyson in the Cup. Are you so much
Below him? *Time.* There are greater thoughts in hand,
Than Curious Points of Gallantry. If he send
Any present to you, you must return it
Back with Scorn. *End.* pride is ill beginning
And hateful, even to the next Proud man does
Practise it. *Time.* Then take 'em, and laugh at him.

End. No, where my thanks are too much
Return Gifts for Gifts. I should shame to be
A gainer on such a Score, which the Meanest,
Honest Purchaser would blush at. *Time.* He'l take
Those Gifts for Favours. *End.* **This will not prove so**
Yet He will deserve some, as he is a **Stranger**

Time. Not from You. Presents the State will send him.
You hear my Fathers Will. You must not see him
While he staves! *End.* I doe, and shall eas'ly keep
That I doe not care to break. *Time.* Farewell.

End. Must you be gone? *Time.* There's a little business
Calls me. *End.* If it be but a little, stay.

Time. Onely the Welcome of the Stranger.

End. 'Tis too much to hinder.

I see a Causelesse, and a Needlelesse Rage
Hid in your breast. The Prince may be Noble,
Valiant; if you receive him then with Scorn,

Hee'l prove a stronger Enemy, than those
Unworthy Ones you fear at home, whose own
Actions daily ruine, and whose ill-made
Knots, will loosen faster than they tie 'em.
You have prevail'd with me, I'll not be wonn
To see him now: but let it not Appear
By your Default, and that my Retirement,
Is onely in scorn to him: which will be
Made plain, if that you change not this Face you
Have put on. It becomes you at no time.
A Prince should alwaies Smile, or look indifferent.
He has no need of Frowns, as other men.
Life and Death are in his breath, and if any do
Offend, his Revenge is known, and need not
Be declar'd by Face-expressions. Where there's
Power to Punish, 'tis Tyranny to Rage.
Anger is no Attribute of Justice,
'Tis true, she is painted with a Sword, but looks
As if she held it not. Though War be in
Her Hand, yet Peace dwells in her Face. Learn once
Of me, and when you have no Cause of
A Distemper, express none. Now you have made
All sure, doubt not; but receive the stranger
With fearless and confident Imbraces.

Time. I will, or at least I'll tell thee so, when
Thou perswad'st me thus. *Farwel Enders.*

End. Thy subtle Plots will ruine thee at last.
Valour and Policy do seldom meet;
Yet here they are in their Extreames in One;
But do most strangely Divide the Owner.
Make him Dread none, and yet confirm him not
Within a Guard.

CHORUS.

*What can our Wives deprecate,
When Vice is seen, both Law, and Fate?
When for the good's sake Commendat,
The Counsel's call'd, to Plot a Meane,
And Deaths brought in with solemn Cry,
As Spoyle got from the Enemy?
Whose life's the Table, and the Stage,
He doth not Spend, but Lose his Age.
The Kings eyes, like his Jewels, be
Set to Adorn, not to Foresee:
And as his Crown, he thinks nothing
Runs round in a continued Ring.
But Sacrifices Crowned be
And Garlands fit for destinie.
Fates thus we fear have writ this Letter,
That Wine shall life, what Blood hath God.*

[ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.]

Enter *Clotrichus*.

IS this your Royal Entertainment?

A common Host would have given one as Civil,
Have shewn his Guests their Quarter, and then left 'em
To stumble out again. My Receivers are
Are all vanish'd — An undeserv'd Affront
Will trouble me — Neither of the Princesses
Were in the Train; they might have trusted 'em,
I could have gag'd a Kingdom for their security —
Was not that fellow drunk? Now they begin
To Muster up again. Here I stand like one
That learns to make his first Honour in a
Dauncing School — Sir by your favour. If your
Business calls you not, pray let me intreat
Your Company a while.

*One passes by him reel-
ing, and by and by after
another. Last of all Me-
lissa, they all make re-
verence to Clotrichus,
as they pass. Enter
Comastes.*

Com. Troth and't like your Highness, I am in haste, in very great haste, The King has
sent for me, and I know he's thirsty till I come. I would your Highness were as resolute,
and as well Arm'd this way as I, 'you'd be the welcom'st man —
He loves a Royal-Drunkard to admiration; he never saw one yet,
but in a Glass. Sir, have you any business with him? You need no
other Orator than such as this; such a Mouth without a Tongue,
will persuade any thing. Yet this is o'th least, fit onely for Physick-dayes, when he
would not surfeit; a meer Toy that troubles the Wayters with often filling. But I have
One, as high — Here's nothing to measure't by; but 'twas that made me so In-
ward with him; I alwayes use to Petition him with it; 'tis bigger than any of his own,
and pleas'd him above Measure. The first time he saw it, he commended the Gallan-
try of my Mind, and said it was a Noble Emulation in me! He has a Daughter Sir, a beau-
tiful Lady, my Hopes, unless some Neighbour-Prince do Reel betwixt us. Your High-
ness comes the right way, he hates a dry, In-land Traveller; but that you Kiss the Cup,
when you should Drink; and have too much Bounce, and Down-with-him in you;
which are things he surfeited of, some sixteen years since, and still the very Names turn
his stomach. Besides, your Navy and Attendants are too great, he'd have esteem'd
more of you, had they been fewer, enough onely to lean on, when you were Overtaken;
or if you had wanted those, and borrowed his unto your Chamber, it had been better:
Where he finds Worth, the Pomp delights him not. Your pardon Sir.

Exit *Comastes*.*Clear.* Why here's a fellow now! With what Licence

He belies his Master, or speaks Truths
Altogether as Unpardonable! Sure
He has his Patent for't! I find at my
Return from Travel, I shall want Names
For all the Monsters I have seen.

Enter *Arat* to him.

Arat. Though your Highness be here a stranger
I may demand of you where the King is.

Clear. If none know more than I, my Lord, y'ave lost
Your King. *Arat.* Sure he is not well,
I hope he is not: with a safe Loyalty,
I may wish, he hath a Dangerous Cause,
Rather than none, to take him from a Prince,
The first Night of his Arival in his Court.

Clea. My Lord, I have found much Honour in you,

One that knows to shew more Civility

To a Stranger, than he can deserve,

And y^e are unhappy onely at this time

In an Unworthy Choyce: but if still you

Can continue this Noblenesse (though the

King frowns) I shall gladly make some stay; at least

Till I have satisfied a Strangers Curiosity,

And may seem rather to have left the Place,

Than to have been thrust from it. *Ans.* Believe me Sir,

Both your Reception, and this Necessity,

That you are drove to seek so mean a Service

As mine, doth shame me much. 'Tis not the Use

Of this Kingdome to be thus Uncivill,

Nor is't our Custome, as it hath been this day,

To Coop our Ladies up, as if the sight

Were Dangerous; their Beauties will indure

The Test, and we dare trust 'm to't. 'Twas

Unkindly done, I know one Look of theirs

Would have given a Welcome to a Young Man,

Above the highest Cost. *Clea.* My Lord, you know

To speak a pleasing Language. *Ans.* We have two

Princesses Sir, Few Nations can shew such Jewels,

Yet onely one is Orientall,

The other's Artificiall, but an

Excellent Gem too; One of them, the True One,

I doubt not, but I have credit to shew

Your Highnesse; but 'tis not to be purchas'd,

That happy Opportunitie's already past,

And the New Owner Esteems it above

His Wealth, his Life, I and his Honour too.

Clea. Yet, my Lord, please me with the sight. I can

Rejoyce at so much Excellence, though

Another doe possesse it. And no doubt

As much of the Owners felicity, lies in Strangers

Admiration, as in his own Possession.

Ans. All but Jealous Men think so: and they count

Themselves Rob'd of all happiness in their Wives,

Others receive; I engrosse as Covetously

Their Beauties; as their Persons, and think themselves

Cuckolded by a Womans Commendation.

But my Lord, I'll leave you. I was going

To the Princess before I met your Highnesse.

I know few words will gain so easie a request.

To morrow, and daily, I'll wait upon

Your Highnesse. *Clea.* My Lord, you have engaged me

Your Servant, beyond my hope of freedom.

Enter *Hianthe*, two Ladies, and Waiters

Hian. Nay, you must bear it patiently.

My Dominion extends no further than

These Roomes, and beyond them I grant nothing.

How will you endure the Strangers Delays,

That thus hardly brook his Coming? The King

In Complement, will not permit the Winds

To serve sooner than a Moneth, were that all

His stay: but here must be Masques and Trimmings

Before he goes, and the Subject yet not known

For the One, nor Ornaments made for the Other.

Perhaps a League must be Concluded,

And then I would not live to be so Old,

As to see the End of't. The Meanest persons
Require a Month to fit themselves, a Prince
Cannot turn in lesse than a Season.

1. *Lady* May we not see the Garden, Madam?

Hian. No, nor the Day, but through a Window.

2. *Lady* We'll petition to him, under the title
Of distressed Damsels, that must passe the
Flour of their Age in Imprisonment,
Unlesse he'll travell to his own, or some
Other Country, to gain 'em Freedome.

Hian. He'll think we are held by some Enchantment,
That his Absence, and not his Sword, must gain
Our Liberty. O *Melissa* welcome.

Now we shall see the Shew, though but as sick
Persons, by Relation. Say, what hast thou seen?

Mel. The scurviest Entertainment—— I did not
Think it possible, so short a Time could have
Prepar'd one so ill: 'Twas thought on before,
And paines taken to Order it so much
For the Worse. This was the first day that ere
Me thoughts the King, and my Lord *Timew*,
Lookt like the Father, and the Son. The King
Had on his Old Councell Face, which all hope't
He had forgot, and this was the onely time
These many Yeares, he should not have worn it.

They both imbrac't the Stranger as coldly,
And carelessly, as I have seen our Common
Fencers doe, that are immediately
To Fight with one another after. This
Behaviour in the Great Ones, was presently
Observ'd like a New Fashion, and in
An instant the whole Court was in't, from the
Bravest, to those that follow a Fashion
Onely, when 'tis to leave off something, I mean
Our poorer Gallants that go in *Quirps*,
And look not as if they were Hot, but wanted
A Cloak. Marry their wits were not so Changeable
As their Faces, and having but One Sute
Of Complement, and that now Unfashionable,
They were fain to supplie it with Legges, and Silence.

Hian. How lookt the Prince at this behaviour?

Mel. Much above it, in my Opinion, two foot
Higher than my Lord *Timew*, though not
Altogether so tall. These four Looks, were
All the Without-door Shew, which ended,
In a solemn March, they returned all into
The Palace. The Strangers seem'd, rather to
Follow with a silent Consent, than on
Invitation. There the presse shook me off,
To find this out for your Highnesse Mirth.

And at my return, as I least expected,
I found the Prince all alone, where any body
Might have seen him for nothing. The *Grecians*,
And the *Trojan* Captains in the Hangings,
Were all his Company: with whom he seem'd
Well suted, had they been alive, his Looks
Were as Daring as theirs, and standing fo,
Bred much Comparison. *Hian.* Know you the reason
Of this behaviour? *Mel.* No Madam, yet
I would, I might have learnt of many:
The whole Companie were Politicians.
There was one Yeoman-Statesman inform'd most

Enter Melissa

*She forces a Rub
of paper.*

About

About him ; and his Conjectures, go for
Currant Truths next Post into the Country.

Hian. Well, now tell us what you have got there for
Our Mirth. *Mel.* A precious piece of Poetry,

Which I have been the Patroness of, from
The first Non-sence in't, that is, from the first line.

There's much mirth intended in it, and I
Doubt not by your Highness will find it.
The Author himself is an Embleme of
The first Comedies, in which One acted All,
And will make you laugh, though you saw him
Every day. I have brought him along with me,
He staves but till his admittance be granted.

Hian. No prethee *Melissa*, 'twill be too much.

Mel. I beseech your Highness. And do but smile
Upon his Learning. *Domine, Domine.*

Look, look. I told you what you'd do. You are
So forward. *Post.* I can presume. *Hian.* Ha, na.

Mel. Hold your peace with your presuming. You should
Let the Princess speak. This is the Author,

Madam. *Hian. Lad.* Ha, ha, ha. *Mel.* What think you your Play

Will do, when one Scene of your self breeds all
This Mirth ? *Post. Hum. Hian. Melissa.*

Hian. Prethee discharge him, I am notable
To look so much laughter in the face, and
Contain my self, to save my Modesty.

Mel. So, 'tis well Sir. The Princess has taken
Notice of your Worth, and commanded me
To reward you. Attend to morrow, and
You shall receive it. And pray see that her
Highness have all your Labours, as you call em.

Hian. Oh 'tis well we dress us not. Here all take
Papers, and sit down, we'll chuse our several parts.

Enter *Clearobus* and *Haimantus*.

1. *Waiter*. Who were they past by ?

2. *Waiter.* I know not ; but certainly
They understand what they do, they went on
With so much Confidence. *Clear.* Where are we now ?

Haim. Certainly in no danger Sir. *Mel.* The Prince !

1. *Lady.* The Prince ? 2. *Lad.* The Prince ?

Clear. Madam, our bold Mistake has thrust us on
Too far, to retire without Excuse, which

We shall hardly make, unless your Favour
Meet us. We are strangers that thus have err'd,
Unfortunately I must not say, that
Were a Rudeness greater than the other ;

Yet we ought to esteem this your Disturbance

A Fault, though to us a blessed one, and

Hath confer'd a happiness, our best Deeds,

Could not have deserv'd. *Mel.* This Entrance was

Something abrupt, and beyond the Intent

Of our *Post.* A strange accident *Hian* !

Was it the Prince that spoke ? *Mel.* Yes Madam ; but

'Twas improper here. *Hian.* Art thou sure 'twas he ?

Mel. I am Madam. Her Highness is troubl'd,

I see a Prince is too high a Personage

For a Comedy, and spoyles the Mirth of't.

Hian. Melissa, I have something to impart to you.

When the Company leave me at Night,

Attend me in my Chamber :

*The Post enters rudely, and
seeing the Princess, steps
back as rudely.*

Exit Post.

*The Ladies and
the Princess rise
up amazedly.*

*Exeunt Clearobus
and Haimantus.*

Exeunt Hian and Lady.

Enter

Enter *Araius*, and *Palantus*.

Ara. Madam, a little of your Company,
I beseech you. *Mel.* My Lord *Araius* save you.

Ara. A proper Salutation for so fair
A Lady, whose beauties are Destructive.

Mel. Your Lord-ship's very Conceited. 'Tis the
First Jest, I dare say, was ever made on that

Poor saying. *Ara.* What do you look at? Do you want
A Servant? *Mel.* Bless me, my Lord! what Thing

To fright us have you there? *Ara.* Why I pray?
Because he's Black? The fitter for a Lady.

Mel. For a Lady! I never saw such a Devils Play-fellow!

Ara. He's white within, all Snow, and Milk.

Mel. They are put into an Ink-bottle.

Ara. What, you'd have one that spends more Milk bout a
His Face, than he suck'd in's Child-hood; that dresses

Himself in Gloves, as if one Part were too good

To do service to the other; and dares not

Shew his hands for shaming of his Mistresses,

Nor commend Hers, because his own are Whiter.

This is One neglects his Outside, beyond

A common Cleanness, and bestows that Care

Upon his Mind, there wastes his four Hours

Of Dressing. And what the other do's exceed

In Spruifeness, he'll make up in Service.

Pay Respects unto his Ladies Vertue,

Not unto her Muff. And if at any time

Danger do approach her, fearless he dares

Beat it back, or make it Welcome by his

Noble Fall. Himself in Presence guards her,

And his Memory in's Absence. Come, pray

Spoil not his Hopes among the Ladies.

He's a young Courtier, and wants a Mistress.

Mel. I am turn'd when I hear reason.

I beseech you my Lord, let me be she.

Ara. I thought 'twould come to this. You make the furthest

Way about, the nighest to your Ends, Love,

By discommending. Pray let him salute

You then. *Mel.* Not unless you'll stand by me.

Ara. Well, I warrant you. My friend. *Pall.* My Lord.

Ara. Pray draw near, here's a fair Lady, gladly

Would salute you, Now you're at Court, you must

Lay by your War-like thoughts, and Plot how you shall

Overcome in Complement, and Conquer in Civility.

Pall. My Lord, I should be ashamed to pretend

So much unto the Souldier, as to make

My self Unfensible of so great an

Honour, as this Lady does me by her

Fair Salutation. Though I am Unworthy,

I can be Proud to be her Servant.

Ara. What think you?

Mel. I know not what to think of

So much wonder! What Rarities shall

I be Mistress of, and none Envy me?

Ara. Well, to leave you in that Rapture; may I

Speak with the Princess?

Mel. Yes, she went hence but now.

Ara. May I adventure to go in?

Mel. You may,

But call my Servant along with you.

Ara. You are longing again, but not a bit,

'Tis Sweet-meat, not a bit.

*She looks as she speaks
of Palant. and A-
ra. hinder her.*

Exeunt Omnes

Cf.

Cleander discovered sleeping.

A Song.

WHile Morpheus thus doth gently lay,
His pow'rfull Charge upon each part,
Making thy Spirits even sleepe,
The stiller Charms of his Dull Art.

*I thy Good Angel from thy side,
As Smoak doth from the Altar rise,
Making no Noyse as it doth glide,
Will leave thee in this Soft Surprise.*

*And from the Heavens will fetch thee down,
A lively Vision to expresse,
Thy Right unto an Earthly Crown,
"No Power can make this Kingdome lesse."*

*But gently, gently, least I bring,
A start in Sleep by suddain Flight,
Playing aloof, and hovering,
Till I am lost unto the fight.*

*This is a Motion still, and soft,
So free from Noyse and Cry,
That Jove himself who heaves a Thought,
Knowes not when we passe by.*

Enter *Acates.*

Acc. There he sits, and sleep hath seized on him,
Which seldome does so when the Season calls it:
But still he takes it when it comes, not when
'Tis due; when Wearinesse, and not the Warnings
Of the Night doe prompt him to it. He sayes,
To Sleep, because the Day is gone, is to
Perform a Duty, not a Necessitie:
And to Eat at a Certain Hour, to
Satisfie the Time, and not his Hunger.
Nature is the Mistresse of his Faculties,
Which are averse, and refractory to
All Custome; will admit no Lawes, but what
Themselves Enact, nor strictly observe them
Neither. 'Tis a strange Distrackion for sixteen
Yeares, a Deeper Melancholy possesse him,
Than does those, that have run the Miseries
And Sinnes of a Long Life. This desolate
Happinesse is all that he enjoys,
And this I am Commanded to take from him.
Cleander, what ho Cleander.

Clea. Why are you thus Cruell in your Care? Did you
But know the Felicities you have wak'd me from,
You'd have rockt my sleep for ever: Thought it
A greater Mercy to have kill'd, than thus
To have Disturb'd me. I was wrapt into
The Companie of Mē, of Gods, if compar'd
With those we here converse with. Enjoy'd the
Most Excellent things, by a Heavenly Vision,
Shew'd more Excellent and Glorifi'd.
Sad Growth'd a King ore all, and with a Trait'rous

Call, you have Depos'd me! Alas, how fading
Is my Happinesse, which a Small Noife, or
Motion can dissolve, and turn to nothing.

Aca. Let that Reason make you scorne 'em, and aim
At Lasting Ones. *Clean.* Were their longest life but
Three Minutes, and that time Uncertain,
They were yet to be preferr'd before those the World
Holds in highest Estimation. They are pure
And Celestiall Pleasures, to be fed on
Onely by the Phansie. I'll in, and again
Invite them with a Slumber. *Aca.* I must forbear
My Remedies, 'tis dangerous applying
Physick in a Fit.

Exit Cleander.

Exit Aca.

Enter *Polyander* and *Menetius* at one door,
and *Comaffes* to them at the Other.

Com. *Polyander, Menetius.* well met. Have yee
Seen the Thing yet? *Poly.* What Thing? *Com.* The Thing that haunts

The Court. It hath something like a Man, and pretends

To be One. He comes to the Ladies, like

A rough Water-Dog among a Flock of Foul,

And they flutter as fast from him, scatt'ring

Feathers as they passe, I mean their Fans, and

Such Moveables. The Guard dare not mingle

With him, he's too boyst'rous for their Company.

One Glance of him, as he past by th' other day,

Broke the Kings Draught, which a Cubit-Cup could

Nere do— See, see, here he comes, with as many.

Patches, and such like properties, as would

Furnish a Casheerd Companie to beg with.

Sure he was Scar-Bearer to some Armie.

Let's observe it what it does: look, look, its

Pleas'd with the Hangings. *Poly.* He cannot be thus

By Nature, nor by Accident! 'has studied

To appear horrid! *Mene.* Danger is not so

Dreadfull in it self, as it shewes in him.

Com. Well, I cannot forbear, I must enter

Parley with it. What Rare things shall I know,

If I can get it speak! I'll enquire the fortune

O'th' Kingdome for the next thousand Yeares.

That's not worth the asking. I'll enquire when

The Dissolution of the World shall be,

And where it's Treasure lies. He cannot choose

But know the very Heart o'th' Earth. If I

Can't perswade, I'll Conjure something from him.

Bo, Bull-begger, What art thou? Who let thee loose?

Where is any Gold hid? My feares were just.

Nothing but a Charm will do't. *Anacel,*

Marfo, Rachimas, Thulnear, Vernoby,

Savian, Vernesa, Elty, Famelron

Ansculta & obtempora madatis meis.

This was not terrible enough, it must be

More powerful yet. I adjure thee by those Bootes,

Thy Velvet Eye, the Taylors work about thee—

Pall. Peace Fool, the King will hear, and thou't be

Whipt for bawling. *Com.* Prethee good Devill, something

O'th' other World — *Mene.* Ha, ha, ha,

Satisfied your Curiosity *Comaffes?* ha, ha, ha.

Com. Nay, I'll not leave him thus; be baff'd by

A Goblin. I'll follow it to the place

Where it shakes the Chain, that's certain.

Exit Pallantus.

Poly. I hope 't has

Exit Comaffes.

Men. Ha, ha, ha Come let's see the End o'th' Conjurat[i]on.

Enter *King*, and *Timon*.

Exeunt Omnes.

King. But these are things for the following Age
Timon, we are hedg'd in beyond all fear,
If Loyalty can prove destructive, there is
Yet some danger.

Time. Because you see a Calm enwrap all round
About you, you conceive 'twill be as Lasting,
As 'tis Pleasing; Tempests, Sir, may contradict you,
Even while you think so. Evils are silent now,
Not down away, they Crouch, and lie in-wait,
Sedition walks with Claws bow'd in, and a Close Mouth,
Which only she keeps for Opportunity
Of Prey. Y'are not to suppose, that all Shut Eyes
Do sleep; they are ne'er more watchful, than when thus
They counterfeit neglect; securely they
Pry into the Depth of things, by seeming
Not to observe the Face, and Out-side,
Your Ruine yet appear, not, and you think
Because it Lurks, y'are Safe. Enemies
Reconcil'd, are like Wilde-Beasts brought up to hand,
Th'ave more Advantage given them to do Mischief.

King. Can the Urns quicken their Ashes into
Souldiers? Can the Graves and Tombs send forth a Race
Of Enemies? From those that Live we are safe,
They have no will to hurt us; and those that
Sleep in the forgotten Dust cannot. There's
Nothing remaining to our Care, but to
Give thanks; the gods are favourable, and if
We could be grateful, our Felicity
And safety were both summ'd and perfect. I tell
Thee often, thou let'st thy best dayes pass,
Without receiving of that Fruit, that should
Be crop'd from 'em. I did expect thou should'st
Have urg'd me to thy Nuptials, such Cares
Befit thee best, how the Triumphs should be
Ordered, and *Hymen's* Torch well lighted.

Time. Pray Heaven no other Flames break out,
But such as Mirth shew forth. But Sir, I must
Be bold to tell you, a few flattering Lords
Guild o'er the Defects and Ruines of your State;
They make you call a Lethargie, Security;
And that a Kingdome, which like to Childrens
Houses on the Sand, rear'd up in Sport, and
Toying, will become a Prey unto the Wave
That first approaches it. They can perhaps
Judge well of Meats and Wines, good Table-States-men,
Souldiers at a Banquet, strong to overcome
A Charger, or a Goblet: but Kingdomes
Safeties, are not ow'd unto the Palat,
And the Stomack: if these were State-Affairs,
Your Council were most sound, and every Breast,
A Synod. If Musick could now raise Walls,
And Cities as of Old, your Realm would be
Impregnable. *King.* Hast thou yet done? Not all
The Ghosts that I have made, have been thus Cruel
To me; nor at yet their Graves have threatn'd
Half these Evils. Thy Mothers Labour, was
A Conception, to the pains thou hourly
Bring'st upon me.

Time. Sir, I am sorry. Yet

'Twas my Love that so did dictate to me;
My desire that your sports might follow one
Another, and succeed so just, that they
Might seem to bring the season on, and not
The season them, that thus they might continue,
Ever; but 'twas then that they might continue,
And not fail by Treason — But Sir, I will
No more. I shall hereafter think't more Piety,
Hand in hand to fall in Perils with you,
Than my self to bring them. *King.* What would'st thou have?
The Power I have, is wholly thine. If that
I never did deny, was not thought given,
Now I do. Use all the Means thou wilt, by Lawes,
Or our Prerogative, to remove thy fears.

Time. Sir, I thank you, humbly thus Low I thank you.
Nor will I in a Complement return
You back this Power, till I have made you safe.
I shall work like a Resolute, but skilful
Surgeon, that dares feel, and search a Wound,
And if he find Dead-flesh, dares cut it off,
Or more Corruption, will not spare a Limb.

Enter *Clarechus* habited like a *Flamen*.
Aratus, Haimantus, and Pallantus.

Ara. My Lord, *Cupid* put his Hood-wink on you
He uses to Aime with, and then you could not
Mistake the Mark. I fear, the second View will not
Prove so Ravishing. The most Excellent Things
Scarce please twice. *Clear.* My Lord, think not so;
For were the World dark about her, or I blind
To all things else; in Her I could find
Variety enough; and so long as
Her Beauties were not Eclips'd, I could not
Envy him that were so plac'd, as to behold
The World as in a Map. *Ara.* These Habits then
My Lord, will secure your Visite. Me thinks
Your Highness becomes them Rarely well!
Y'are a Person now most Sacro-sanct,
Twice Holy, made so by your Dignity,
And Order. We'll go before Sir, and inform
The Princess of your Coming. You'll draw less
Suspicion likewise if you walk alone.

Clear. The King of *Crete* is a Usurper.
His Son's a Villain, by their Masters Blood
They have reach'd the Diadem, and by
The Violation of his Daughter,
Seek to support their Greatness; but this last
Evil is still i'th' Forge, not yet Completed;
And the fair Princess looks on her Destin'd
Nuptials, as her Rape: her Lover, as her
Murderer. Fates, I hope, have in their Bleft Decrees
Writ me the Rescuer of this Royal Virgin,
The VVinner, and the VVearer of this Jewel.
And neither the Error that threw me
Unawares upon her close Retirement,
Nor yet the Flame conceiv'd from Her fair Eyes,
VVere meerly Casual, but things of a Deeper
And Diviner working. Love, who art Ruler
Of the Destinies themselves, if Youth,
And Greatness powerfully do invoke thee:
If a Vertuous Mind, a Spirit bold, Affections pure,

Extremus Omnes;

*Exeunt all but
Clarechus.*

And Constant Faith, are Oblations gratefull
To thy Altar, favour my Present Hopes,
All these I offer to thee. And proudly
Do exchange my Peace and Quiet, for the
Troubles, and perturbations of a passion.
Crown but the End, and let all the Doubts,
The Sufferings, and the Dangers, that ever rack
A Lovers Soul, be made my Portion.
possesse me then with the Fulnesse of thy
Deity: let not thy Shades and Flourie Bankes
Withhold thee, make *Paphos* but thy Refuge,
The Heart's thy Native Soyl, thy Mothers Lap's
A Banishment to it. But idely I invoke
The God, while favourably he beckons me
To Recieve my Vowes, and the Happinesse
I Sue for, does Attend me. The houre's already past
That Calls me to the Princeesse.

*Enter Hianthe, Aratus, Melissa, two Ladies,
Haimantus, and Pallantus.*

Hian. May I ever hope to see such Happinesse?

Arat. To enjoy it long, Madam, and know no End
Of it. *Hian.* Can I be no way assistant
To the Businesse? *Arat.* Onely in your Prayers.
'Tis our Task to Subdue the Men; but the Gods,
Who must with piety be conquer'd, we'll leave
Unto your Goodnesse: And yet, Madam, me thinks
The present Opportunitie prompts us
With a Meanes, to adde both Strength and Reputation
To our Affaires. This Gallant Prince (whose Visit
You expect) is not, I find, a Stranger
To the Interests of *Crete*, nor lightly resents
The Tyranny it groanes under. The power
You seem to have ore him, may improve
This Compassion into a Zeal, to re-instate us
In the Libertie we have Lost. *Hian.* My Lord
I'll use my best Endeavours, if I find him fit
To be Engag'd; Leave this particular to me.

Arat. Madam he's now arriv'd. That's he, in the disguise.

Hian. So fell the Cloud from off the *Trojan* Lord,
Not able to Contain the Raies it held,
But being pierc'd dissolv'd at Once to Air,
Exposing to the Worlds Astonisht Eye,
A Lustre rivalling the Mid-day Sunnes.

Clear. Sure I was Rude, and Barbarous, before
This Nobler Fire did touch my Heart, and from
The Wild Inhabitants of the Wood
Differ'd in Passion onely, and not Reason:
That without more Amaze I could behold
Such Brightnesse; and with a Readie Speech Excuse
The Fault my Error had committed.
I cannot now find out a Word to fute
With my Desires; nor does the whole Store
Afford me One, but what must prejudice
Her Excellence, and my Estimation of it.
Pardon Madam, that like the Ascendants
To the Altar, by Degrees I thus approach you,
pausing at each Step, and bowing to that Nearnesse.
Rashnesse was my Crime before, and should I
Throw that Blot a second time upon my Actions,
Rudenesse might be justly thought my Nature,

*Enter Clearchus,
who puts off his
Disguise with the
help of Haiman-
tus.*

And Barbaritie my best Knowledge.

Hian. My Lord, that which you call your Crime, was the Incivilitie of the Court, that left

A Stranger to commit an Error

So unhappy to himself. I dare not

Undertake to Patronize the Act,

Nor yet to Excuse it; I shall believe I have

Obtain'd much, If I may be thought wholly

To Disclaim it. *Clear.* Madam allow me then

To beg your pardon, for the Presumption

With which I made this Visit; that I thought it

A Hard, Nay Injurious Treatment, to be forc'd

To Quit this Isle, before I had the Honour

To look upon you: for since I have beheld

Those Wonders of Beauty you are Mistress of,

I find my Voyage was too Short, my Hazards

Too Slight, and Few, to be rewarded with so High

A Favour. *Hian.* My Lord, had you directed

Your Words to my Misfortunes, I should have

Acknowledg'd then, you had seen a Partite,

One in the perfection, and Excellence

Of Misery; but I have no pretence,

No Title unto ought besides my Troubles.

Please you, my Lord, to with-draw unto a place

That admits not so publike an Access.

Your Visit to me is not without all Danger.

Ara. If I would set a Spectacle to the World,

It should be such a Close, Where Vertue

Ador'd Vertue, and Greatnesse bow'd to Greatnesse.

Me thinks the Heavens doe open, and the Clouds

Are spun into a Thread, to let down some God

Unto this Meeting! Let us withdraw,

The power is now descended, and all within

Is Sacred and Mysterious, and if we prie

Into these Secrets, our Curiositie

Will be punisht.

CHORUS

While this Old Poppy thus doth sleep,
And doth in Vice, as Age, grow deep,

Benumbing all the Plants are dry,

Into a Drowsie Lethargie.

Behold a Nobler Branch appears,

As farre from's Manners, as his Tears:

O shed Thou then thy Influence,

And we'll resume fresh Beauties then.

The Fiercer Sweetnesse of his Face,

Presents a Rigour, mixt with Grace;

And though there were a Want of Blood,

His Worth would make his Title Good.

Vertues so Grown, in so Few Yeares,

Make Him even Such, become their Peeres.

On then, and cause the Scepter bee

Thought but Reserv'd, not Snatch'd from Thee.

[ACTUS 3. SCENA II.]

Enter

*Aratus, Phronimus, Eurylechnus, Pollantius.**Aratus.*

ARe all things ready for the Ceremony?
 The Crown, and Robes? *Phro.* They are, there's nothing wanting
 If the Prince were come. *Eury.* He's now come.

Enter *Clearchus* and *Haimantius.*

Ara. Your Highness is welcom: but I fear it may
 Appear, to a strange Place, and Persons! What
 Do you think my Lord? Are you not fallen,
 Into the Company of so many
 Traitorous and lost Men? *Clea.* Say not so Sir,
 You have not Warrant, though you rank your self
 Within the Number. The Place and Persons
 Rather appear to me, as if some Holy Rite,
 Or piece of Sacred Worship were intended.

Ara. My Lord, you understand it right, 'tis a Piece
 Of Holy Worship and Devotion that is
 Intended by us. And I may truly say,
 That this our private Meeting, and close Counsel,
 Is more just and Glorious, than the loudest Deed
 In Court, that all our publick Acts, Edicts,
 And Forms of Law, are dark and impious
 Compar'd to it. Nay, that this Time, and Place,
 Made holy by our Purposes, hath the Gods
 More manifest and present, than the Altars,
 And the Temples, long since made Void and Empty
 Of a Deity, by those which sue for

Favours, and requests for Him (who justly
 Heard) deserves their Horrid'st Vengeance.
 We are not met here, to Plot a general Ruin,
 For a private Injury; we know and teach,
 That the Greatest done by the King unto
 The Subject, cannot give him Cause to throw off
 His Faith; Kings are petty Gods, and may tempt us.
 Nor is it Want, or desire of Innovation
 That thus stirreth us; we are in the Best-
 Ill-State already. Nor Ambition,
 To strike at that Lawrel, which the Thunder
 Spares; no, we Reverence it, and know, that
 As Men are the works of Nature, so Kings
 Of Jove. But 'tis our Oath, the Sacrament
 We took, which still holds us, though our Lord be dead,
 Until his Successor release us from it,
 By taking of a New One. We are not
 Subjects, but Slaves to Him we now Obey,
 And therefore as Slaves, we ought to hate our
 Master: He was born less than We, and hides
 The Private Man, under the Publick Gown.
 The Purple which he wears, was dipt deep in
 The blood of Innocents to colour't so.
 But I vainly waste my self in Words, here
 Are so many Minds to be perswaded, nor Ears
 To be instructed. The fins we are to punish

VVe all know, and the gods remember.
 Our strength then is all we are to speak of.
 VVhich is more than three parts o' th' life, sixteen
 Years Undisturb'd Provision; so carelessly
 VVas that secur'd, which was got by Blood.
 There's but one Lord-Ship, small in respect
 Of others, the Tyrants Own Possession;
 That will be Cordial for him; but they are
 So besotted with their Fortunes, that their
 Greatest Aid, will be but in their VVills to
 Do him Service. They may offer up their Lives
 Like so many Sacrifices for his sake,
 But not like Souldiers, they are Unworthy
 Of that Name. They may Dye, but never Conquer.
 VVvar was never talk'd of, but in their Banquets,
 Nor dare they Fight beyond a Brawl

Phro. And if we would count part of our Strength
 In their VVeakness, we have no Opposition.
 In the City where They and their Vices
 Are daily seen, nothing is so Contemptible.
 And in Remoter Parts, where Majesty
 Is more reverenc'd, being known only
 By the Power and Lawes, and where the name of King,
 Hears like the Name of God, even there, those sons
 O' th' Earth, as I may call 'em, dare menace him,
 And pile hills on hills, to set their Bodies,
 Equal to their Hates. *Enry.* Here we are, *thrice my Lord;*

Can each of raise such Forces, which though
 They fail'd to effect it, yet could make
 The Kingdome fear a Conquest. *Pall.* Your Highness
 Is a Souldier, and though but Young, perhaps
 Have seen already, what others whole Lives
 Have not shewn them; yet wee'l play a Game
 VVe dare invite You to, though you were
 Accompani'd with all the Ancient Heroes.
 VVho had they leave but in their Aery Shapes,
 To set on a Tribunal, Spectators
 Of the VVvar, this their second Leaving of
 The Earth, should be more grievous to them, than
 Their former Deaths, and they would wish this Isle
 Might be their Elizium. *Ara.* You see my Lord;
 How each can bring his Forces in, and prompt
 The other; Those which have none on Earth,
 Can bring them down from Heaven, in stead of Men;
 Bring Manly Spirits, VVords, and Looks confirming
 More than Armies.

Clear. M Lords, I must confes, with no small pleasure;
 I have heard the Justice, the Strength, the Courage
 Of your Cause. And for the first of which, although
 I never doubted; or from the other two
 (Meant ever to withdraw my Aid) however
 VVweak; yet I am glad to see the Enterprize
 So hopeful: For though most greedily I
 Should imbrace all Hazards for two such Mistresses
 As Justice, and the Excellent Princess,
 Yet where their Interests are Disputed, I cannot wish to see a Danger, what
 Ever weight of Glory I might purchase
 By it. My Lords, the small Force I am Master of,
 Either in my Person, or those Commanded by me,
 Reckon on till you see us Conquer, or lye
 Upon the ground. *Ara.* Our Design is then successful
 Above our wishes. *Phronimus* introduc.

The priest, we are now ready for him. Though
 We need nothing to strengthen our Resolutions;
 Yet we'll take an Oath: 'tis good to have the Gods
 Along with us. A Sacrament is the Tie,
 No lesse of Loyaltie, than of Treason.
 Here let us all, before this Sacred Witsnesse
 Of Faith and Perjurie, make a Holy Vow
 Of Loyalty to Our Selves and Cause.
 And as we draw near to so Divine an
 Essence, consider that 'tis not Gold or Marble
 That we touch, but a Moddle of a Sensible
 And Living Power, which has Vouchsaf't to be
 Imbrac'd by One Hand, when the Vastnesse of
 Our Thoughts could not comprehend it.

Now we are ready for the Prince. *Eurylochus*
 Conduct him in. Your Grace shall see a Stronger
 Perswasion, than any you have yet heard.
 The lively Image of Her you so much Serve.
 He Knowes not yet his Fortunes, but I dare
 Warrant He'll bear them bravely. He has read
 The Lives of Kings, though he never acted
 Any; and you shall perceive he's *Princely-Born*,
 Though not bred in Court.

Royall Sir, y'are welcome!
 Start not at the Name, it is your Due, You
 Were born to the Title: and I doubt not,
 Though you never heard it thus appli'd before.
 'Tis not altogether Strange unto you.
 There was a Spark, which in the first Womb,
 After a Speciaall Manner was infus'd
 Into you, and is another Soul
 Within you; as the One Informs your Body,
 So this Informs your Soul; we may call't
 The Difference of a King. That will tell you,
 We are all here your Subjects, and this
 No Strange Philosophie I teach. And thought
 This Rich Perfume hath hitherto been wrapt
 In this Disguise of Learning, and defended
 From the air o'th Court, 'tis not decay'd,
 But grown stronger by such keeping; which when
 It shall be open'd, will cast a fragrant
 Smell ore all the Kingdome, and cure the Infection
 Of the Former Age. To open it we
 Are met, it is a Medicine we too long
 Have languisht for. And Sir, though it be a short
 Warning to so Great a Matter, you must
 Presently resolve to be a King. We
 Have no time now to instruct you in
 Your Right, and how you lost it. It was Yeares
 In doing, and will require Yeares to relate it.
 In the mean time, let what you see perswade you,
 Our Serious Lookes, Respects, and the Presence
 Of these Holy Rites. *Cleas*. I need not excuse
 My want of Answer, there's nothing fit forme
 To say: Which way so e're I shall declare
 My self to this Purpose, will appear Foolish;
 Whether I Refuse, or Grant, both are alike
 Ridiculous. 'Tis not with Me, as with
 Elder Yeares, They may refuse Officers like these;
 And be admir'd for such their Moderation;

Or accept them, and for that Magnanimity
 Be honour'd. But should I assume an Action,
 So many Yeares above my Age, I must
 Expose my self a Pageant to the Beholders
 Scorn and Laughter. My Lord, That which I have
 To say is, only this. My Yeares are yet in Non-Age,
 My Actions not my Own, to Others Wills
 I am wholly Subject. you may Command me
 Even to Wear a Crown, and to submit to
 Accept the Highest Honours. Set me, if
 You please, on the Throne you speak of, and when
 You see a time again, remove me. Yet,
 My Lord, I'd have you know, I am not so Young,
 But that I understand I am a Subject, and that
 I have a King; that thus, though but in Sport,
 To Use his Titles is a Fault, But for
 Any to Acknowledge such a Spirit,
 As you, my Lord, have spoken, is no lesse
 A Traitor, than he which strikes the Crown from off
 His Head. *Arat.* You have been heavenly taught, and shall
 Be ever instructed in such Lectures.
 But the Treason which is committed, is
 Committed 'gainst your self, your Spirit is
 Usurpt, and he that holds it is your Servant,
 As I am, or at least should be so. *Arat.*
 The time presses now, and we cannot use
 The Circumstances necessary to
 Perswade you; but what ever appears Strange
 At this time to you, a few dayes use will
 Render most familiar. Sir, please you ascend;
 Yond place is provided for you — Submit
 Now, and Command ever. My Lord, will you
 Please to honour us with your Assistance.

*Cleander expresses
 a modest unwillingness.*

*Here they take off from Cleander his black habit, and put on him a Rich
 Robe, Clearchus, and the Flamen, set the Crown upon his Head,
 and the rest stand before him, and salute him King.*

Omnes The Gods preserve the King.

Arat. We have now perform'd one part of our Duty,
 Which was to seat you thus, the next is,
 With our Lives to keep you at this Height.
Cleas. If I may yet take confidence to speak,
 And it will become me to say something of
 My self. I could tell you, how this Day hath
 Been familiar to me, and in a Dream
 I have seen these things so often, that did
 Not these Shouts confirm me, which were then still
 The concluders of my Greatness, I could not
 Yet believe, but that I have now suffer'd
 Is Aiery all, and the Shape I see meerly
 phantastick. *Flamen.* It was a Good and prosperous
 Omen, which presag'd your Quiet here.
 The Gods would not suffer you to rest in
 A Wrong place. *Omnes* May it be so!

*Here Aratus presents Clearchus to Cleander, seeming to inform him
 who he is, he descends and addresses him, the rest pay their homage
 by kissing his hand, in the mean time Pallantius speaks.*

Pall. And shall I alone in such a Glorious
 Action walk unseen? And as a Fault,

Perform my Duties in Disguise? I'll rather
 Add a Trumpet, and a Flag to all my
 Actions. Here fall my Mist away, Now
 Thou onely barr'st me from my Joyes, to which
 I am not near enough, unless I can
 Imbrace. Give me leave my Lords, *that as my life,*
 So I may throw my Body at his Feet,
 I have a share in him, I though a Stranger
 To you. It was my Fathers purchase,
 With his Life he bought it, nor desire I
 To hold it by another Patent. May
 Such be the Noted End Successfully
 Of all our Name, No Disease, but our *Masters*
 Cause to Dye of. Here let me Kneel, and pray
 All Happyness, and the Best things may fall
 And then rise, and with my Sword, procure the
 Blessing's I have paid for. Know me my Lords,
 I am *Pallanus.* *Phro. Enry. Pallanus! Ara. Pallanus!*

My dearest Friend, prov'd my nearest Kinsman,
 Could I be so dull as to imagine
 Such Valour could be in a shape so low
 As thy Out-side promis'd? Or so common,
 As to be met by Chance? That I could love
 Thee so, and yet have no Interest in thee?
 Where hast thou been so long Dead?
 This Man, that turns our joyes thus from you, your
 Party is made strong by his Discovery,
 'Has brought such Unexpected Aid within
 Himself! Y^e are to receive him Sir, not onely
 As a Servant, but a Kinsman. *Clear. My Lord,*
 I am as yet in a New World, and know
 No more, than I now began to live,
 The most Common things, are Wonders to me.
 You must excuse me therefore, if I know not
 How to entertain such a *Guest*
 But I shall make't my labour of my day,
 To understand my Duty, of the which
 I think it no small part, to give the due
 Value to every worth I meet.

Clear. Sir, as a new friend let me embrace you,
 But this Alteration shall not give me leave
 To forget the former Favours I am
 Oblig'd to you for. What I receiv'd in
 Your Disguise, I shall be ever ready
 To pay unto your self. *Ara.* How it grieves me
 To see thy Beauties thus blasted in thy Youth,
 War hath been too rough a Mistress to thee,
 And set thy Glories in too Eminent a place.
 Had *Venus* been ith' Camp, she would
 Have cover'd thee with *Mars*'s shield, although
 The God himself had wanted it. I can
 Remember when the Loveliest Face compar'd
 With thine, could not have taken from thee. When
 In the brightest Ring of Beauties, thou appear'd'st
 But well-set; and hadst thou been attir'd like
 One of them, thou might'st have wonne the Prize
 Of fairness from a Court of Beauties.

Pall. My Lord, they will be so, but those which were
 The Causers of it, shall receive Wounds and scars
 If not so disfiguring, and afford their blood
 To wash the Scars they have made. *Ara. They shall.*
 And we will help to bath thee. 'Tis time that

We broke up our meeting, our longer stay
 May prove dangerous. *Rhominus* and *Eurylochus*
 You must post this Night to your Commands.
 Your Majesty must bear 'em Company.
 And now without more delay shew your selves:
 We will be ready here at the first Newes.
 My Lord, your Navy also will require
 Strict watch and guard, on our first Motion
 That will be attempted. *Clear.* *Haimantus*, you
 Shall presently away, and take the Charge
 Upon your self. *Ara.* Pray do so my Lord.
 All we have to do, is to mingle our selves
 In the Court again. When once these troubles
 Sir, are o'er, a perpetual Calm will follow.
Clear. My Lord, I never enjoy'd safety, so pleasing as these Dangers.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Timens*, reading a Letter.

—By the next Post I shall send your Highness the whole Design of the Conspiracy we have so long suspected; in the mean time, know *Aratus*, *Phronimus*, and *Eurylochus* are the three great Diseases of the Kingdome.—

But not incurable. I know which way
 To handle 'em. There must be some sudden
 Remedy apply'd, that will work strongly.
 This Night I'll send it. Be absent all ye
 Lazie Medicines which the Law administers;
 Ye are more treacherous, than the Villain
 Ye examine; and where there was none, give
 Time to a Mischief: Your Summons are
 The Traitors Watch-word, and drive him to take
 That Opportunity, which otherwise
 His Fears would have let slip. My self will be
 The Accuser, and the Judge. When Publick
 Means are dangerous, each Prince hath the Courts
 Of justice in his Breast——What Fiend is this,
 That causes such Antipathy within me?
 The Mid-night Ghosts take not shapes so horrid!
 I have not slept, since first he cross'd me!

Pall. We are alone. The Gods have given this time
 For my Revenge. *Time.* What does he mutter to himself?
Coracinus, *Argestes*——Kill that Dog.
Cora. My Lord! *Timens.* Kill that Dog——Cowardly Villain,
 It were a justice to leave you to the Worrying.

Within Treason, treason, save the Prince, treason.
Timens, *Coracinus*, *Argestes* return, bloody.

Time. He was a Devil! The Power of Hell was in
 His Arms; Night threw her shades about him
 To defend him! He could not thus have escap'd,
 Unless he had vanish'd, or he o'er-taken yet?

Serv. No my Lord. But 'tis impossible he should
 Pass the Court. Sure he has taken covert
 In some Lodgings thereabouts. *Time.* Let search be made
 And give Command, That when he appears again,
 He that first meets him, without more Circumstance,
 Do kill him. Promise a Reward to him
 That brings his Head.

Enter *Clearchus* and *Aratus* to the rest with their Swords drawn.

Clear. How do you my Lord? *Time.* Well. *Ara.* Is your Highness hurt?
Time.

Time. And may be again, if I look not warily.
Would your Lordships Sword were sheath'd. *Ara.* Sir, 'twas drawn
In your Defence: and if y^e are Jealous of it,
You wrong a Ready-hand to doe you Service.

Clear. Sir, is not the Traitor known that did it?

Time. No doubt he is. *Clear.* My Lord, you speak
Very doubtfully. I hope you doe not think,
But I am sorry for the Accident.

Time. I know not what to think. Your Disposition's
As great a Stranger to me as your Person,

Clear. I see, my Lord, you know to throw Injuries,
Though to conferre no Civilities on

A Stranger. *Time.* Injuries are deserv'dly plac'd
On an Intruding Guest. *Clear.* Y^e are Unworthy.

And though I am incompast with all the
Dangers I may Justly fear from so Barbarous

A place, which dares doe any thing it Lusts unto,
Without regard of Lawes or Hospitalitie,

I'd tell you so. And were you from this Dunghill
That you stalk on ('tis no better) I'd pull down

That Unmanner'd Pride within you. *Time.* Let me goe,
Nothing shall priviledge him to talk thus.

Clear. They hold you in your safety. Nor is the Distance
'Twixt your Life and Death, longer than this Space

'That parts us. If you dare, follow me,
I'll stay you out a Dayes Sail at Sea,

I Challenge you to a Princely Combate.
Where come with all your power, that I may

Destroy so many Brute-Beasts from off the Earth.

Time. Shall I be tyed while I am bated?

I'll send those that shall o'retake you, and cut
You off, before your Shipping yet. *Argeste.*

Haste unto the Port presentlie, and in
My Fathers Name, Command all speedy Power

Be rais'd to stop the prince. Bid 'em fire his
Ships i'th Haven — *Ara.* O my Lord, consider

A little more, before you lay a Blot
Upon the Nation, which Future Ages

Cannot wipe off. No Story can parallel
Such a Fact. Your Highnesse mov'd him much,

And gave him Cause of choller. *Time.* Does he help
Your Lordship with Ships? that thus you plead his Cause.

Shall I be Tutor'd by a Traitor?

Ara. Sir, y^e are happy if you can find a Tutor,
When you thus much need one. And for your other

Language, when I understand it, I'll return you
An Answer, in the mean time, you must take it

Home to you as you gave it. *Time.* 'Tis well Sir,
I shall find other wayes, than Words to Answer you.

Enter the King, Polyander, Menestius, Comaster, and a Guard.

King. How now *Timon*! What bloody?

Than you see, Sir, The Sword rather left it
On me, than drew it out. *King.* Who is the Traitor,

That durst commit such Outrage? *Time.* He's scape unknown.

King. Unknown? that cannot be, when he has past
Thus far i'th Court, some must take notice of him.

Can you describe him? *Time.* He was habited
Like a Souldier; but his Lookes had more of

Devill than of Man. *King.* Upon my Life
I saw him! but 'tis two dayes since. He must

Exit Clearcho.

Be known in all this time. Enquire who brought in
Any such Man, or was seen with him. *Com.* This can be

No body but my Hob-goblin. And't please
Your Highnesse, was he not in a Buffe-Coat?
And had his Face all bedabl'd with patches?

Time. Yes, he had so. *Com.* Then doe I know him.

He belongs to my Lord *Aratus* there.
No body durst speak to him but he,
He shew'd his teeth at every body else.

He had like to have bit me once. *King.* *Aratus,*

Doe you hear? They say, he, that committed
This Villanie, belongs to you. *Ara.* To me, Sir?

He wrongs me that thinks so. I maintain none
That dare attempt such Insolence. *Poly.* My Lord,

I saw him with you. *Ara.* Who? pray make me know

The Man. *Poly.* A black stern Souldier that follow'd you.

Ara. I fear I understand you now!

There is such a One that followes me; but
I never discovered any Disloyall

Spirit in him. His Out-Side, 'tis true, was
As you describe, not moulded after the

Common Frame of Men, but threaten'd more than

Any I have seen: Yet 'twas but his Out-Side

That threaten'd so. Within he was Gentle:

All a Courtier, to be wound and turn'd by

The least Civilitie. I must confesse,

When he was Injur'd, then he was High, and

Lordly, Stormes rose in's lookes, and Thunder

Was in his Voyce. *King.* And you knowing this,

How durst you turn such a Wild Beast loose into

The Court? Whom had I met, and chanc't to have

Anger'd, my fortune had been the same.

Lay hands on him. You shall find that such a Spirit

Dwells in my Brest too, and when 'tis stirr'd,

Will raise tempests as great. We shall find

Other particulars beside to examine you of.

Ara. Then the Gods send their aid, or all is lost!

Yet, Sir, hear me speak. The Jealousies you

Have of me, I shall not perhaps be able

At this present to Clear; and indeed I

Know not so much as what they are. But Sir,

To shew you in this last Accident how much

I am Innocent. I will relate unto you,

How first I met the Actor of it. 'Twas on that Day

I was employ'd on an Honourable

Message from your Majestie to the Stranger

Prince, On the Shore I found him, having lately

'Scapt a Ship-wrack, and as great a Danger

On the Land; for he had been assaulted

By two Villaines that were in the same Voyage

With him, the cause of whose hate he could not tell,

Having no acquaintance with them, but in

The Ship; but as he had before the Waves,

So in this Tempest too, as I may call it,

He bore himself above. In the instant,

While he was yet hot in his Anger,

And their Floud, we came upon him—

Time. Pray Sir let me speak to you. There's a Wonder

Discovered to me by this Relation!

And under this Monster, he hath Spoke of,

A greater doth lie hid; One that you'd rather

Have in Chains, than all the list of Traitors

*Aratus stands in a
study after his heart
with Timeus, and
minds not what's
said*

*The Guard lay hold
of Aratus.*

I have nam'd. Sir, commit the Uncasing
Him to me, and suffer me to proceed
With *Aratus*, as I shall see cause.

King. Take your way, I'll leave him to you.

Time. My Lord, with the perswasion of your
Innocence, I have procur'd your Freedom
Of my Father; and do desire in Return
Of this kindness (if it be such) to let
Me see the face of this my Enemy

Once more, if your Acquaintance (as appears
By your words) be not too late to know his
Abode. My Lord, I shall receive him otherwise
Than you expect. The Relation you have
Made of him, and what my self was witness of,
Have turn'd my Hate into Admiration
Of him, and if I can move his Love, as
I have done his Anger, I shall be happy
In his Valour. 'Tis not the first time that
The Brav'ry of Enemies, have made them Friends,

And that Wounds, have been the first Seals of Love.

I do consider how much I injur'd him,

And that on such provocation, he could not

Have done less, At the first sight I call'd him Dog,

And without more Circumstance commanded

To have him kill'd. *Ara.* Now Sir, I must kneel to you,

You have the goodness of a Prince. He shall

Submit for his Offence, or suffer for it.

And if you find not that Noble Spirit

In him, I have told you of, in the most

Dangerous Business you shall employ him,

Let him be punish'd for this his Ill-plac'd Valour.

Time. My Lord, I'll take no other Surety,

But your Word; ever oblige me thus.

Ara. But my Lord, though I can Answer,

I cannot give Credit to your smooth Tongue.

This last Accident might have lost all. I'll

Hazard no more by my Delays. And seeing

They know not their time to strike, I'll teach 'em

Both the How, and When to do it. Before

To morrow this time, I'll ring their Dull

Security such an Alarm—*Haim.* My Lord,

Prince *Clearchus* Salutes you. *Ara.* Ha! Prince *Clearchus*

Said'st thou? Come nearer friend. *Haim.* Do you not know me

My Lord? *Ara.* My Lord *Haimantus*! I crave your

Pardon. How fares the Prince? *Haim.* Well, and both He,

And my Lord *Pallantus* (who happily made

His Escape to our Ships from his Pursuers)

Have sent me in this Disguise, to let you know,

The Block-house is privately surrender'd

To 'em: in which they now are, with three hundred

Of our Selectest Men: and undertake

With this strength to rescue the Prince's *Hiansbe*

This Even, if the state of your other Affairs

Will suffer it. Our Navy besides rides Clear,

And disengag'd near to the Block-house,

Where they can land what greater Force they please.

Ara. Hum. The Gallant Prince, and bold *Pallantus* safe,

The Block-house surrender'd, and the Ships at hand

Both for a Reserve, and a Retreat—Why should

They not attempt it? My Lord, tell 'em,

Their Design is Noble, and like Themselves,

Full of Youth, of Fire, of Bravery, of Justice;

Enter all the Towns-men, Aratus, and the Guard.

Exit Timonius and Clearchus.

Enter Haimantus disguised like a Soldier.

That where such Spirits as theirs move in any
Action, all Designs ought to Follow, and
Not Lead; they make the Period, and the Point
Of Business. Say, I do not onely approve,
Of this their Purpose, but will Assist 'em
In their Retreat, and at the same time give
A Divertisement, by some hundreds of
Great shot pour'd into the City. Come my Lord
I'll direct you ~~away~~ to return less
Hazardous than that you came in hither.

Enter Hianth.

The time of their great Plot is now compleat,
The hours are finish'd. O let it not You,
Which look down, which favourably look
Upon this life, want your Power which first
Did strengthen it; let the same Hand that hid
Disclose it too! Shame not at so Glorious
An Off-spring, when it is Heavenly, and doth
Confess the Father, when none but Gods dare
Call it theirs, nor without Blasphemy can
Own it. Ye were kind Parents at the first,
Shew your selves still so, and Bear the Child ye
Have Gotten. Where Humane strength shall fail, there
Hold it up, and make that Want, the Strongest.

Mel. Madam, I now met my Lord *Ara us*,
Who intreats your Highness to keep within
Your Lodgings this Night, and to fear nothing
What euer Embroyments you hear abroad,
Or near you.

Enter Timens.

Time. Madam, I come to tell you,
The Infection, which caus'd this your Retirement,
Is now clear'd up, and vanish'd, and abroad
You may safely bless us with your Presence;
The Court has for these dayes suffer'd an Eclipse,
But when it shall again shew forth its Beams,
Your Beautyes, it will look more Glorious,
By its short Obscuring. King. Well said Timens.
Now I like thee; here thy Cares and Services
Are bent the right way; would I could see thee
Once look pale in these. Can a young Man (when
He may have leave to breath in such a Paradise
As this) draw a common Ayre? an Ayre o' th' People?
I am loath to change thy present thoughts: but
The business I have to tell thee, will bring
Thee peace, and more leisure for them. The suspicion
Thou had'st of a Treason, was not Vain; since
It hath broke out; but 'tis already suppress'd.
The two Chief of 'em are taken in their passage,
As they went to Head their Forces. And I
Have commanded they be set so High,
As to enjoy a Large View of that Land they
Were Ambitious of, and then to strangle 'em
At that Height. Time. Are there but two, Sir, of Note?
That you have taken? Flatter not your self,
Had they been thousands, they had left more behind.
Your Majesty counts that a Victory,
Which they scorn to account a Loss; and think
Y'are safe, when they are not indangered.

Enter the King, Co-
males, Ministers.

Is *Aratus*, *Phronimus*, or *Eurylochus*,
Among them? Is *Pallantus* one of the two
Are taken? *King*. *Pallantus*! Thou dream'st of the Dead;
And the Ages past. *Time*. Sir, he's Living,
And if my Aimes deceive me not, he has
Lately Walk'd among us, and makes up the Knot
Of Traitors — Ha!

King. What can this mean! Look on —

Enter *Polyander*.

Poly. Sir, arme speedily, put your self within
Your Strength, or y'are lost. The Block-house
Is revolted, Prince *Clearchus* pourses Men
In Swarms upon the Shore, *Aratus* has
Seiz'd both the Gate and Fort that lead unto
The Haven, and thunders, as you hear,
Upon the City. *Time*. These were the Evils:

I was a prophet of, I saw them when
They were Disguis'd. Sir, 'tis no time now to Stand,
But Doe. *King*. Madam, we intreat your Pardon;

That thus we have offended 'gainst your peace,
And made you the first partaker of our Troubles,
That ought to have Known them Last. *Hian*. Sir, your Trouble

Is too sad to be excus'd. *Mel*. How likes your

Hian the Serenade of this fair Evening?

Hian. I like it well *Melissa*, but I fear;

My Solicitude and Care are too great

To admit a perfect Joy —

A Tumult and noise of Weapons are heard at the Door!

Within. Stand, stand.

Clea. *Within*. Gentlemen stirre not, if you'll save your Lives;
We come to serve the Princeesse.

Enter *Clearchus*, *Pallantus*, and *Haimantus*, with their Swords drawn.

Clea. Madam, y'are safe, fear nothing. If you please
To put your self into our protection,
You may for ever bid a farewell to
This your Hated Prison. My Lord, *Pallantus*,
Guard the Princeesse, and make the Retreat with
All the Speed you can. The Honour of bringing up
The Rear in this Action, I can impart to none.

Within. Arme, arme, arme.

*The Princeesse and Melissa goe off with Clearchus and his Party, a tumultuous
Noise of fighting continues for sometime after. Then enter at another door,
as in fight, Timeus and his Party, who are beaten back by Clearchus and his
Party. Timeus is struck to the ground by Clearchus, but rescued by his fol-
lowers; which done, Clearchus retires Orderly, and the rest remain.*

Enter *Polyander* to them.

Poly. On the ground, my Lord! *Time*. Lower and baser yet,
Viler in my Condition *Polyander*,
Than this my Posture. Affronted, baffl'd, scorn'd,
Wounded by Traitors, and by Dishonour
Deeper. The Princeesse in my very sight
Born from me. *Poly*. My Lord, these Wrongs dictate Revenge.

And

And not Complaints, shew your Resentments with
Your Sword. And let what you Have call your thoughts
To it, and not what you have lost. *Time. Lead on.*

CHORUS:

*While He that should be Eye and Ear,
Through Slesh doth neither See nor Hear,
Behold like Thunder comes a Sound,
Which doth at once Amaze and Wound;
"That Dart sure hits, which Clouds did hide;
"And safely Kills; 'cause Unders'd.
"Where Dangers urge, he that is slow,
"Takes from Himself, and adds to's Foe.*

*Th' are come beyond a whisper now,
And boldly dare proclaim their Vow.
"When the Prey's sure, to shew the snare,
"Begets not Counsel, but Despair.
Like Lightning it awakes the Sense,
Onely to see, and grow Blind thence.
"Tis Love, not Fassion, where the Good,
"Conspire to spill Usurping Blood.*

[ACTUS 4. SCENA 1.]

*Aratus and Pallantus are discovered sitting at a Table, with Pen, Ink,
Paper, and Mathematical Instruments before them.*

BESIDES this great Work, we must have two less
On either hand of it; and which must first
Be made, no less to secure the Work in doing,
Than when 'tis done; two common Horn-Works
Will be sufficient for this purpose. Would they
Were finish'd. *Pall.* My Lord, commit the Charge of 'em
To me, I'll both hasten the labour, and stand
Upon the Guard till they be done.

Enter Clearchus and Hianthe to them.

Hian. Do you hear the Rumour my Lords?
What is't?—What Fatal Check can our Affairs
Receive, that it should want a Tongue to speak it?
Which hitherto have been so prosperous, so full
Of fresh successes, that our whole Councils
Have been employ'd, but how to Entertain,
And make best Uses of 'em. *Hian.* 'Tis reported,
That the King's taken. *Arat.* Horror and Amazement
Seize me on the bare Relation! But such
A Prodigie cannot be! So Divine
A Person, was never thrown away so
Cheaply. Though the Gods abound in all Goodness,
They never Lightly yet Esteem'd of any;
That were not to shew their Plenty, but their
Contempt of Vertues. *Excellent Lady,*
Arat. Try the Particulars of this Report.

Arat. Was there any of the Kings Age made mention of?

Hian. No, the Account we have is this, That two Lords

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They never Lightly yet Esteem'd of any;
That were not to shew their Plenty, but their
Contempt of Vertues. Excellent Lady,
Say the Particulars of this Report.
Was there any of the Kings Age made mention of?
Hian. No, the Account we have is this, That two Lords

That were in their passage to raise Forces,
Are taken by a Troop of Horse of the
Adverse Party. My Brother being yet
In his Disguise, and not known, is conceiv'd
To have past for one of their followers.

Pall. VVhere are all our Great words now? Those
Mighty sounds which made a trembling in the Aire,
And caus'd no less a deafness with their fall,
Than if I Thunder, the Voyce of Heaven were turn'd
Articulate, and spoke the Threats of *Jove*
Unto the VVord? Chang'd to as great a Silence?
Such when a Tempest ceases, is the Calm
That followes, no noise is heard; as if the VVinds
VVith Blasts were Breathless grown, and the Seas
Sate down, and after so much Toyl required Ease.
But a True and Noble Spirit, ought not
To sink under Misfortune, but bear up
The stronger; and if the state be Desperate,
To attempt VVaies as Desperate to Change it.
No Action can be counted Folly,
VVhere no Counsel can be given for Any.
Rashness is Bravery, or VVidome then, when
The Best Hope is but Destruction. I will do
Something. And where the gods have given a Will,
We ought not in their Service to sit still.

Hier. I was born, and bred up in Miseries;
And the Misfortunes I have past, were not
To excuse my following Age from more,
But to prepare me onely to suffer
Greater yet, and stranger. *Clear.* My Lord,
Recollect your self. This Newes may be false, and all
The Danger the King is in, may be from your believing it.
Give not your self cause to mourn hereafter,
All perish'd on a Mistake. If that this,
The worst of Evils, be befalln, yet
It ought not to be the reason of your
Neglect, but greater Care and Vigilance.
Though much be Lost, yet that Remains, may well
Expect your best Thoughts to it. Look upon
That Lady, too much swallowed up in Grief,
Through our so low Dejection. If you have
Lost a King, consider in Her y've still
A Queen, and such a One, as for whose Service,
You would not think your dearest blood too precious;
Were it not frozen with your present sorrows.
Ara. My Lord, I thank you, and will follow your
Advice. Pardon my Amazement, and if
I seem'd dead, when the life of all my Actions
Was taken from me. Yet 'twas not a Slumber.
I was lost in, but a Confusion of
Various thoughts, not knowing which to follow,
Till your Highness pointed me one forth.
We'll act something now so speedily, that
They shall not have leave to put an ill Design
In practise. Madam, revive your gentle
Spirits, happier things attend you, than now
You know, or hope for — The Newes —

Hier. VVhat Newes my Lord? *Ara.* Such as is not to be nam'd
VVithout a Sacrifice! O see Madam!
Though we have lost, we are not yet Undone;
There's a Check, but not a Total Ruine

*They stand all silent for a
time as confounded with
the belief of this relation,
Pall. first recovers, and
speaks the following
speech as to himself.*

Exit Pallamini.

*Enter a Serv. who
Delivers Ara. a
letter, which he ex-
pene hastily.*

Of our Fortunes. The King, *Pieromimus*, and
Eurylochu, are all safe, and never
 Were in Danger; this Night they will be here
 With their full Power. *Hian*. My joyes are then restor'd me,
 I shall see my Brother *Clear*. My Lord, who are they
 Are taken, and have given occasion for
 This Mistake? *Ara*. Two that stood boldly for our Party.

More besides, their Name's there, and that they were
 Honest, I cannot now instruct your Highness.
 You may perceive, they, which have no such Cause
 Of joy as we have, do lament them much.
 We shall have a time too, I doubt not, both
 To mourn and revenge their fall. In the mean time,
 Let 'em rest in Peace and Honour. Such a
 Farewel, were I in their Condition,
 I should have expected. They have onely
 Out-strip us in the payment of a Debt
 We all owe unto our Master, ours is Due,
 Though yet not call'd for. Come Madam, we must
 Prepare to meet the King; and after that what
 E'er our souls can wish for. But where's
Pallantus, absent from this happy Newes?

Ser. He went forth my Lord a little before
 The arrival of the Letters. *Ara*. We shall meet him
 Joyes of this nature will never come too late.

Enter the King and *Timon*.

Time. Sir, though there are Troubles in your Affairs;
 Let none be in your Countenance. Your Eyes,
 Should like those blessed Twin-fires upon the Ship,
 Display a Prosperous Flame, a light of Joy,
 And Comfort round about; that they which toil
 In the Rage, and Fury of this Tempest,
 May from thence fore-see a Calm, and nourish
 Hopes of safety. Thus you wrong your Power,
 Destroying it your self, 'cause others would.
 The Souldier groans, just as you groan, their pulses
 Have the same Motion, and their Hearts do beat
 Both Hope, and Fear, according as yours doth.
 All Omen comes from you, your Passion is not
 A single Sadness, 'tis the Peoples too.
 When you confess a Fear, none dares be Bold;
 Courage is thought a Folly, not a Vertue.
 Your Mirth were now Discretion, and a Face
 Cheerful as at a Feast, were Policy,
 'Twould be one kind of Succour. *King*. *Timon*.

I thank thee: But these Joyes come from Above,
 And are not to be taken when we please:
 No Man can pronounce, He will be happy.
 Yet I will struggle with my Thoughts, and strive
 To recover the Peace, that's fled from me.
 But let not this thing Discomfort you,
 Perhaps 'tis a course of Humours onely,
 And a little Physick may remove it.

Time. With the Comfort and hope of this, I'll leave
 You Sir. And if the Genius that attends
 Your Person, smile upon us, no other
 Evil shall dismay us. Shall I bear any
 Commands from you to the Camp?

King. Onely my Salutations. The Charge of all
 Do thou take upon thee. To morrow if
 This Fit leave me, I'll visit you,
 How every thing is irksome to me. Clouds

And Darknesse are before my Eyes,
 All things dissenting one from the other,
 Yet Conspire in this, that they present Death
 To my View: I have that Idle Comfort
 Onely left, That he that Despaire of All,
 Ought to fear Nothing. When things cannot grow worse,
 All fortune then is on His Side that Suffers,
 But my Injustice seconded with Murder,
 Doe forbid Successe. A Kingdome rear'd in Blood
 Stands on a Slipperie Foundation.
 And I have been nourish'd in peace thus long,
 That being grown Specious and Great, I may
 At last fall a Sacrifice worth Slaughter.
 Thoughts urge Thoughts; Suspicion gets Suspicion;
 Horror Horror; I have not that small Settlednesse
 Of Mind, as to think one thing twice. Were I
 But Innocent, I would provoke Misfortune,
 Call for Fate with as undaunted Courage,
 As the Lord and Ruler of it doth— Hold,
 I command you hold.—What a Nothing 'tis
 That I have thus much Fear'd, and labour'd
 To escape, when 'twas my Good! Childishly
 Dreading every Thought of Cure, then most Offended,
 When my Health was near. How Well I am
 After this Little Wound! Quiet of Mind,
 And Peace of Conscience, those Bless'd Companions,
 Begin to return unto me. I see
 Nothing but blood can appease blood in Sacrifice;
 That to the Guiltie there's no Ease, but Death,
 No Mercy, like the Crosse, Oh!— Hold in your Rage
 Have yee not alreadie acted Mischeifes
 Enough by my Command, but yee must
 Voluntarilie thrust your selves on more?
 Y'are deceiv'd, though I have been hitherto
 A Tyrant, now I am Mercifull, and would
 Gladly behold things Just and Innocent;

Cap. He faints. The Villain must not live.

King. I Command you hold. My Power is yet Good.
 You are the Villaines, the True Causers of
 This my Miseric, and you should Lay Hands
 Upon your selves. How Ridiculous is this
 Your Furie? Suppose I should give way
 To your Desires, what were you the Safer,
 Or I the Better? You would have One For Lesse,
 And I one Sinne more, that am alreadie
 Loaden. Does not my Judgement affright you
 Rather? I was not onely Guiltie, your
 Hands were dipt in the same Blood with mine,
 Oft perform'd such Deeds, I onely durst but Wish
 Had I given you my Commission, Obedience
 Here would not have Excus'd you. Your Loyaltie
 To Me was but at Best a Broken Faith
 Unto another, and when Yee observ'd
 It most, Yee were most Perjur'd. What can
 Yee expect? Yee see when I was Guarded
 By an Host, was thought Secure from what the
 Power of Earth or Men could doe unto me,
 One Man, as I may say, One Handfull of
 That Earth, broke through all my Safeties, and with
 A Single Blade has forc'd what a Million
 Could not keep; and when no Humane Means was found,

Yet there was a Miracle to Conquer me:
To you I turn now no more my Terror;
In Return of this Favour you have found,
Shew the like to These, and Others, that shall
Be guise of that Name, *Of Friends to Me.*
Though You are Nothing yet, this Deed will make
You Powerfull: and You that have given them All;
May demand back so Small a Part.
Now you have been so much my Enemie,
Change something to a Friend—— How Vainlie
I take Care for Lesser things, neglecting
My Chief Concernments. O my *Timon!*
O my poor *Endera!*—— Leave me not yet my Soul:
Thou can'st not mount untill the Load be taken
From thy Wing: Thou could'st inhabit here
When it was Hell, now it is Paradise,
O stay—— and dwell——

Pall. Though the Fall be Great, it cannot shake me;
When I know 'tis Just. The Malefactors
Penitence takes not the Justice of his
Doom away; though He be Chang'd, That remains
Unstain'd. He may die with pitty, but not
With Innocence. They mind me not, I'll take
This Advantage of their Sorrow for my
Escape; I will not trust their Obedience
To a Dead Command. *Cap.* Leave your sad Embraces,
They'll bring no Comfort to you, though you persist
In 'em, till you are such as this you hold.
This ground of Sorrow will afford a perpetuall
Supply of Moisture, which your Eyes, like Sunnes,
May draw up, and pour down for ever; but
Never exhale a Satisfaction to you.

Let us to the Prince, and there unburden
Our hearts of this our grief, and if he have
A Service that commands our Lives, all hazards
Now will be welcome to us. *1. Guard.* The Villain
That committed this Sacrilegious Act's escap'd
2. Guard. We were too soft to obey Dying-Speech.
Cap. His Entrance and Escape were ordain'd
Both by Fate, 'twas not in Our Power to hinder Either.

Enter *Timon.*

Give me a Power Mightie as my Rage,
That my Revenge may reach unto the Clouds,
And unthrone those Gods, that joyn'd hands with Men
To commit so Black a Deed. It were but
Justice they should loose their Deitie, that
So would throw it off. Oh my Father! did I
Unload thy Shoulders of the Kingdome,
That thou might'st fall under a lesse Weight?
And bereft thee of thy Jealousies, to
Ruine thee with more Assurance onely?
Where are all those Flatter'ring Tongues, that when
There was no Need, would, in a Complement
Hourlie Suffer for Thee? Not One to die
In thy Defence? Or by his fall to make
Thine more Decent? What ho, *Charisus,*
Erastus, Acmanthes, not one Voyce?
How Dismall is this Place! The Graves where Death
Inhabits are not so dreadful! I'll flie thee,
Though I run among the thickest of my Foes;

They can present no Horrors like this Lownesse;
The Cries, the Sword, the Trumpet in the Battell,
Strike not so deep Amazement! —

I walk like

Enter among the Shades, all is Hell
About me! I see nothing but what my
phantie frames in Horrid Shapes! O yee vain fears
Of Guiltie Men! All are Unreasonable,
But yours Ridiculous. When you have contemn'd
The greatest and most reall Dangers,
You tremble at a Ghost, a Thing lesse than a Man,
And when the Substance could not, the Shadow
Frights you. There is no way but this to set me
Above my Feares; when I am Lesse I shall
Be Equall to 'em. *Cap.* O hold, my Lord!
Offer not up your Self a Sacrifice,
When there are so many, that gladly would
Redeem you with their Lives. Let that thought
Prevail with you, That you ought to Live for them,
That so willinglie would Die for you.
Y'are the Prop of thousands, and if you sink,
You pull a Kingdome with you. Take your Sword
By the Other End, and so holding it,
Seek to appease this Royal Ghost. If you
Cannot regain a Crown, yet win a Memorie
By the loss of life: This Object makes your Grief
A burden to your Honour. Lean on me,
My Lord, and we'll conduct you to the Camp.

Enter Polyander, Comaster, Menenius, and a Captain,
at their entrance a Shout is heard.

Poly. What Shout is this among the Enemies?

Cap. 'Tis their Acclamations still for the Arivall
Of their Fellowes, with whom they have now joyn'd
Camps. *Poly.* I am glad of't
I hope we shall have Command, to trie the Fortune
Of the Field to morrow. Would the Whole Knot
Of them were there, that we might make quick Work,
And like *Alexander*, untie it with a Blow.

Com. I and a Wall round about 'em to keep
Them to the Slaughter; that we may not be
Troubl'd to kill a Thousand in a Thousand
Places. I like not this pursuing, 'tis
The greatest Evill, next to the being
Pursued; the Wine nere tastes well when 'tis so
Jumbl'd. Give me a Standing-Camp, that
Flourishes like a Peacefull City, and wants
No Necessaries. Here stand your Engins,
There Victuall: on this hand a Palefado
Defends you, on the other a Baricado
Of Pork-tubs as impregnable: before
A Fosse is cut of some two hundred paces,
And the Souldiers tipling in't, behind a Coop
Runs out of the same length, and the Poultry
Tipling in their Trenches; whose bodies are
Too delicate and tender to bear travell.

Here a Man may, even among the Tents, forget
To be a Souldier. *Poly.* Ha, ha, ha, On my
Conscience *Comaster*, thou art wearied
Of the Camp already. *Com.* Yes faith,
As your Selves are, if you'd confesse the truth,

*He goes out, as in search of some
of those that had went to
tend, and returns again.*

*He prepares to fall on his
Sword, and the Guard
returns, and save him.*

Exeunt Omnes.

Poly. Why, me thinks there's no Pleasure like the Souldiers,
Who takes his Swing in all Delights, and sates
Himself with 'em, as if he were near to
Tast 'em more; and if Fortune be so kind
To grant him a second and a third Fruition,
Like Friends, which parted in the Morn two Dangerous
And Hopeless wayes of ever seeing, they Meet
With a Multiply'd, and Unexpected Joy.
His very Wounds, are Pleasures, and *Elizium*
Comes faster on him, than his Death.

Com. When Honour is the Prize, and wrong'd Justice

The Cause that thrust him on, he throws off One,

That he may gain a Better Life, a Life

Of Fame, which is Eternal even in Death.

That he enjoy'd before was Fading,

Sustain'd only by the Infirmities

Of One Weak Body, now 'tis supported

By the Memories of All, the Charge of it

Is committed unto a World of Men,

Nor is't Extinguish'd before the Frame o'th'

Whole Univerſe. None are so surviving

As the Sons of Glorious War. *Jove* gave

Life to *Hercules* and *Theseus*, but *Mars*

Eternity; they breath'd from one, but gain'd

Heaven by the other. These were the great Thoughts,

Which when I was yet Young, and not able

To effect 'em, did dwell in me; they did

Suggest unto my soul, that I ought to raise my hand

Against the Gods, if they slept at Perjury,

And favour'd Injustice. *Poly.* Hollo! *Comaſtes*!

What Rapture's this? *Com.* To shew you how easie

A thing it is, to talk like a Souldier,

And be as brave a fellow as either of you.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha. *Mene.* Thou wouldst make an excellent

Run-away-Souldier. Such a speech on the High-way,

Were greater Violence, than Bidding-stand,

A long staff would not get an Almes so soon.

Poly. What saist thou now *Comaſtes*, to a jovial Round

Or two, beyond the Court-Healts? Those at the Kings

Own Table? *Com.* I believe I shall say more.

Than you at this, as well as at the Other.

Poly. Captain, command 'em to bring some VVine in.

Come, in the mean time lets sit.

Exit Captain.

Enter to 'em out of the Guard that was present at the Kings Death.

Guard. My Lords, stand upon your Guard. The King's slain!

Omnes. The King!

Poly. Thou look'st distractedly, speak it again!

They all start up upon the News,

and draw their Swords.

Guard. He's slain! My self was present at his Death.

Poly. By what accursed Hand? *Guard.* That Devil, that

Awhile since wounded the Prince, has Murder'd him.

But my Lords, I lose the time, and Betray you

In it. The Prince is come into the Camp,

And commands you strait to repair to him.

He finds the Army wavering in their Faith,

The City Bands are already Revolted,

And others begin to draw off. The Kings death,

And a Declaration from the Enemy,

Pretending that a Son of the former King's

Preserv'd by *Arauns*, heads their Forces;

Has almost gain'd them a Victory, without

A drop of Blood. *Poly.* Away, we stay too long,
Lead us where you left the Prince.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Aratim.

Never did Justice shew her self so *Eminent*;
This was a Deed, as if her own Hand
Had wrought it! Who can complain the want of
Providence? Or say, the Guiltie and the
Innocent make one Heap in Judgement, when
This is told? A Tyrant in the *Midd'l* of
All his Strengths, guarded with Friends and Armies,
What ever Power or Policie could make him
Safe with, by a Single Hand strengthen'd with
Justice, was snatcht from the midd'l of all!
The Light'ning melts not the enclos'd Gold
With half that wonder, leaving that Contains it!
Nor doth the Plague, in a Multitude of Men,
Make a Choice so Curious.

Enter to him Cleander and Clearchus.

Clean. My Lord, we may Sheath our Swords:
This Gallant Act of the Heroick and
The brave *Pallantus*, has not only
Remov'd a Tyrant, but, I may say,
Dissolv'd an Armie, and Reduc'd a Kingdome.
The Pretor, in the Cities Name, offers
Allegiance. And divers Bodies, both of Horse
And Foot, have left th' Enemies Camp, and are
Come over to us. What can we attribute
To this Noble Deed, that in any measure
May reach the Greatnesse of it? We ought to
Acknowledge it the Compensation of all
Our Future Fortunes; and what ever High
And Happy shall succeed to us, to be
The Consequents alone of this. A Benefit
Of that Univerfall Nature, such like
The Sunnes Influence, our Enemies feel
The Good of it as well as we. *Ara.* Sir, you weigh
This Action as you ought. And while you can look
This Nobly on the Services are done you
You'll make this Isle a Land of *Heroes*,
The Princes Eyes breed Vertues when they shine
Upon 'em; and what else has been found
To be his Temper, quickly grows to be
The Genius of the People. *Chm.* What thinks your Lordship,
If we draw out the Fat of the Body of
The Enemy, that yet holds together?
And with Fear, or Forces, sought to dissolve 'em?

Ara. My Lord, what can we return you for this
Gallant Forwardnesse? But the Force that now
Stands against us, will not be worth your Highnesse
Hazard, nor yet paines to face 'em. A little
Shame, and Obligation to their Late Master,
Is all the Bond that holds 'em. And a few
Dayes, if not Houres, will scatter 'em, without
Our Swords. But this Message from the City,
Will require your Majesties attendance
To it. Please you to hear what their Demands
Are to you.

Exeunt Omnes.

Drum

Drums, and other noises of an Assault,

Pall. Within. Spare no Opposition.
Break the Gates, add fire unto your Force.

Enter Rodia, and another Lady frighted in, Endura after them.

Rodia. O Madam, they break in upon us!

End. O my Father, when thou art slain I cannot
Fear what after does befall me! The same
That was their Crueltie to Thee, will to Me
Be Pittie.

*A noise as if the doores were forc'd, Pallantus
and other Souldiers break in.*

Pall. Stand. No man advance to touch a Life,
Or doe a further Violence. My Rage
Has blindly lead me on to Violate
A place no lesse Sacred than the Temples,
And rudelie ere I lookt about, hath thrust me
On the Deitie! So those that are led
To see some Glorious Sight, eager and longing,
Ask still as they passe, which is the way? and
How near? till they are engag'd within its
splendour, which opening suddainly upon them,
Makes 'em retire as fast again with Reverence!

End. What stayes thee Monster? And makes thee pant thus
Ore the Prey? Here I stand ready, and doe
Invite thy Furie; Come, and save my hand
A labour: if thou art Surfeited, I'll
Whet thy Appetite. Th' art a Murderer,
A Villain; these Name thee not; They are but
Diseases of the State, Thou the Death. The Law
Comprehends them within her Vengeance, thy Giant
Faults doe so much O're-top Her, that Justice
Cannot reach thee, and if there were no Gods,
Thou then wert Innocent, and would'st stand Safe,
Because thou art so Wicked. Thou hast Kill'd
Thy King. O no, thou had'st no share in him!
He was a King of Men, thou a Beast, the
Foulest, and the blondest that ever preyd
On Innocence. *Pall.* My Revenge, how false
Thy Beautie was. *End.* How Monstrous thou appear'st!
Thou represents unto me all Ill,
I ever heard of! *Pall.* And thou all that
I ever heard of Good! *End.* Thou mov'st like so many
Living-Mischiefes! had the Priests beheld thee,
They might have Divin'd, all these Foul Evils
So exactlie in thy Form, that what they told,
Would rather have seem'd a Story, than
A prophesie, and have sav'd us from thee,
Nature was never Guiltie of such a Work,
Some Hellish-Power hath given thee Birth, and Spirit,
And sent thee on the Earth to destroy all
That's Fair and Holy. *Cap.* Sir, raise your Spirits.
Can you endure such words as these? Souldiers on,
And make Her feel those Evils she hath utter'd.
Pall. Hold, hold, Thou Worst than she hath Named, sparest thou
Command, or move to such a Sacriledge?
If thy Sinns were sold thee from the Heavens,

Thou'dst

Thou'dst blaspheme the Voice that spoke to thee:
Withdraw, thy Rage is too Unhallow'd for
This Place. Provoke me not with another
Offer. I shall not swallow your Bitterness,
Though guilded in the Name of Friendship.

Endo. What next intend'st thou? What Master-piece

Of wickedness wilt thou glory in alone?

Know, thou canst not Force me, here within thy
Reach I am as safe, as if an Army,
All resolute to death, divided us.

This Hand, something weaker than a Woman,
Can resist all thy strength, were it as great
In Mischief, as in Will.

Pall. Though I seem all

That you have Named, and Foulter yet, this is
A sin I dare not do. O think me not

Worse than you have said already, and then

I may again wash off my Stains. The Beasts

Are Noble, meek to Chastity, and humbly

Lick the feet of Majesty. Judge me not

By shew, our Eyes deceive us, and as oft

Perfwade us to the Wrong, as do the Blind-

Mans feet; falsely do prompt us, All that is

VWhite, is Innocent, and all that's Black, is

Sinful without exception. Should those

That look on you, be led so by the sense,

They must kneel down before you, and adore you

As some Deity, not being able

To phansie so much God, as they do see

In you! Such Formes their Powers have given you,

That you may become a Rival in their VVorships.

Endo. VVhy talk'st thou thus? Thy Tongue hath no more power,

Than hath thy Hands.

Pall. Neither intend Violence.

VVould you could entertain of me one thought

Of Goodness, as hopeles as you think me,

I'd undertake to make it good, and Better't

Daily. *End.* Why delay'st thou? VVhat would'st thou have?

Pall. Forgiveness, Love, I dare not say.

Thy Thoughts are more Mishapen, than thy self.

In thy very Hopes thou art Cruel. This Base

Imagination hath wrong'd me more,

Than all thy Actions: In those thou onely

Sought'st the Ruine of Greatness, in this

The Ruine of my Name. A Rape were a Glory

To thy Affection, and though it had Lost,

It would have Got me Fame, the Honour of

A Ravish'd Virgin. Did'st thou Woe me with the

Highest Services, as thou com'st in my

Fathers Blood, I could Reward thee, but could

Never yeeld thee Love. I was too long

A Princess, and lost the name too Late,

To entertain so low a thought. *Pall.* The World

Of Causes that part me, and Happynefs!

End. Love is soft, and full of Curtesie,

A greater Opposite to Lust, than Hate.

The Flames thou feel'st, are more preposterous,

Than those which burn the Brests of *Satyrs*, or

Of Beasts; which kill the Young, and in that blood

Enjoy the Dam. Think'st thou that any is

So bold in Lust, to imbrace the Fears thy Love

Brings with it? *Pall.* My Youth, and Comeliness how

Are you obscur'd!

Endo. My Miseries have put

A new Nature in me, chang'd that Calmness

*Exeunt Captain
and Soldiers.*

She forces a Dagger.

I had wont enjoy, into the Looks, and
Language of a Fury. How ill does Rage
Become a Virgins brest? I will suppress it,
And if it must break forth, dissolve it into
Tears. An Age worn out in thought, cannot present
One Comfort to me, I am so Wretched.
Oh! My soul's more Earthy than my body,
This War that is within me, I hope will
Gain a Victory o'er my Life at last.

Pall. Accur'd that I was to be the Authour
Of so much Miserie. Is there no way to restore
That Peace which you have lost? If there be any,
Despair not of it, though it be held within
The jaws of Death, I'll snatch it for you:
Though it were lost in the Darkest Mass of things,
My Love would distinguish't in a Chaos:
If it have no Being, but what your Thought
Gives Life to, I'll Wish it for you, so strong
My Phantasie is to serve you. Let it be
Anything to be done, I'll do it. Can I,
The wretched Cause removed; bring ease unto
You Sufferings? Here on my Knee I yield my Life,
Unto your taking: or if you had rather,
I'll offer't up my self. *Endo.* No, and yet
There is a way, and thou may'st do it.

Pall. Is there a way? O my joyes! The Gods are
Merciful! Name it, name it to me.

Endo. If thou wilt vow to do it presently.

Pall. Need I an Oath to confirm I would be
Happy? 'Tis my own Happyness, I thus
Eagerly pursue in yours. Ev'ry sigh
You give, doth make me breathless; and ev'ry
Tear which you let fall, doth bow me nearer
To the Earth, than all the years and Wounds that
I have suffer'd. Yet I will swear, By all things
Holy, all that I fear and reverence,
To refuse no Labours, Death, to gain your Ease,
And restore joy unto your Life again.

Endo. Now thou can'st not, thy last words have render'd
Thee Unable. The Ease was Death, which yet
I beg from thee. *Pall.* From what a Heaven of happyness

Am I fallen? *End.* Assist me all my strength.

Ye Gods this way ye have ordained I should
Come to you: pardon that Fate then, which your selves

Did give me. *Red.* O my Lady! *Pall.* Stay, O stay that hand!

Let that Goodness in you, which would spare Things
Fair and Holy, preserve the Fairest, and

The Holiest! The Angells would be proud to take
Such Shape upon them when they Visit Earth,

'Tis such as Your self ought to look with Reverence on!

Endo. Ther's a Weapon hid within my Heart, which
None can take away: it wounds deeply now.

Death thou art a Lover, and dost Court me mildly.

Ladies. O my Lady: help, help. O my Lady!

Red. Give her more air. *Pall.* She's gone, my time's no longer.

Our Lives were woven on the same Web, the
Destinies condemn' me to see her Death,

And then to follow. *Red.* She breaths, stand off.

End. My Brother, O my Father! *Red.* How does your Madam?

End. Too well, my strength returns to fast unto me.

Pall. Were my Soul fled, that Voyce would call it back
Again, it self would retur, and choose this

*She makes an offer to
stab her self.*

She faints.

*He prepares to fall upon
his Sword.*

Parading

Paradise on Earth. I'll not disturbe her
With my Longer stay. Fair One, if your Lady
Shall need any thing, you may have it with
A thought; No lesse respect shall wait on her,
Than if her Father still Rul'd all. The Guard
Shall be at your Command, and attend onely
For your Quiet, and your Safety. *Rod. Souldier*
Th'art Noble. The Gods reward thy goodnesse.

C H O R U S.

HE who Unjustly sway'd the State,
Lives no where now but in their Hate,
There's Nothing left of him but Shame,
Which both Preserves and Clouds his Name.
When Civil-Beasts fall, let it be
Call'd Slaughter, and not Victory.
When that He dyes, that lived a Shade,
His Sleep's Continu'd then, not Made.

Arise thou Starre of Honour, be
And in his Stead shine round our Sphere,
Grace thou the Throne, and let us see
Thy Father once more Reign in thee.
We'll now in nought but Love Conspire,
And no breif burn but with True Fire.
While that such manners rule the Throne,
Live all by his, be by his Owne.

[ACTUS 5. SCENA 1.]

Enter Endora and Rodin.

End. **T**HIS Quiet we enjoy, does strike Amazement

In me! Sure they have Slain the Body with

The Head, which makes this Generall Calm. *Rod. Madam*

'Tis much more Innocent. And though that part

Of it we find, by particular Command

Be Order'd so; yet 'tis but an Image

Of the Universall Peace that Blesses

All the Isle. No Noise of Armes, Rapine of

Souldiers, Tumults, Slaughters, are seen in any

Place, the Securitie and Joy doe reign

As in a long and Sett'd peace. The Conspirators

Having brought about their Great Design,

Desire to have it seen to all the World;

They Sought a Change, but not a Desolation.

End. Their Moderation is too Late; nor will

It satisfie the Gods, when they have spilt

So much Blood, that they will Spill no more.

Rod. O Madam, how farre you wander, and are lost

In Error! and to all your other Miseries

Is added this, your Murthering of the Ground

On which you Suffer: and whether with my Duty

I am bound, to inform you of the Right,

I know not: Yet while there is a Chance

In the Rudenesse, I will be bold to tell you,

This Last Alteration the State has suffer'd

This wresting of the Scepter from your Name;

Together with your Fathers Life; has not

Deserv'd through the Impious and black

Contrivance of a few bloudie and ambitious
Lords, greedie to assume the Royall Ensignes
To themselves: but in the Name of Justice,
And the Owner, they have made this Seizure.
And there stands up a King, to Countenances,
And Justifie the Fact; a King not known
Unto the Latter Age, a Son of Him
From whom, with the like violence, but more
Injustice (pardon what I say) your Father
Formerlie did tear the Diadem.

O Madam! Your Innocence, or Pietie,
Or both, though you stood for many Yeares,
So Great a Person in the State, Kept you
From looking in this Myserie. And
You doubt the truth of what I have said,
Or can suspect your Enemies Cause is pleaded
By me: ask of the most Zealous to your House
And Name, and you will find, I have not onely
Declar'd a Veritie, but restrain'd by Manners
And by Duty, conceal'd a Storie of the horrid
Crueltie, that any Age or time can Parallel.

End. If this be true, our Sinnes are lighter
Than our Sufferings; and had we a greater Debt
Than Life, we ought to pay it. My Father
Are due to me, I was a Partie, and
Enjoy'd my Fathers Violence and Treason.

Rod. You are as Innocent, as at that Time
Your Age was; and onely doe offend, in these
Your Teares, and too much Sorrow, which on this
Occasion shew'd excessively, is not
To Grieve, but to Repine. The King was Old,
And taking his Latest Leave, and 'tis hard
To say, whether he were First oppress'd with Yeares,
Or Vengeance: My Lord Time, 'tis true,
Was Young; but waiging so feasseless and perverse
A Warre, 'gainst Vertue, and 'gainst Justice,
What wonder if at last he sunk in such

A Quarrell? *End.* How ill these Words become thee
To speak, and me to hear 'em? Think'st thou, the Shame
And Vices of our House, can bring a Comfort
To me? *Rod.* I think their Shame and Vices, Madam,
Ought not to oppress your Innocence.

End. As the Glories, so the Dishonours of
A Familie reflect upon the Rest
Of Kin. *Rod.* 'Tis the Error of the Blind
Mistaking World, that placeth either, where
They are not deserv'd. *End.* Can any shift off,
With Honour, from themselves the Sad Calamitie
That O're-whelms their House? *Rod.* If that Calamitie

Be the punishment of Particular Crimes,
To dote on the Calamitie isto Allow
The Crimes. *End.* None can be suspected to allow
A Crime, that punish even their Innocence,
For their Alliance to the Vicious.

Rod. Nor none can be admired for Justice more;
That punish Innocence on any Score.

Lady. There's one of the Adverse Party; that seems
Of Note, desires admittance to your Highnesse.

End. See Rodia who it is.

Rodia goes out as to see, and returns again.

Who is it?

N

Madam

Rod. Madam, I Know not ! nor did I e'er see
Any like him ! His Grace and Forme admit
No Paralell ! He speaks like the Souldier
That first broke in upon us, but him
It cannot be, He was the Terror, This the Delight,
And Wonder of those that look upon him !

End. Whether will thy Unseemly Admiration
Carry thee ? In Men Beauty's the Least Part.

Rod. Madam, it appears so in him ! Yet where
Such Excellence of Form is seen, the Beauties
Of the Mind are feldome Common. He craves
Admittance to your Highnesse, and will not
Take it, before that it be granted.

End. Admit him. It will not become our State,
To deny Commands, much lesse when they Intreat.

Rodia goes out, and returns again with Pallantus richly habited.

Pal. The Kingdome owes a Sacrifice for your Life ;
All will joy to hear of it : which had it faild,
Would have pul'd more Guilt upon us, then the Sinns
Of a whole Age. *End.* It is my shame you tell me of,
And a great Share of my Grief that thus I stay
To Grieve. *Pal.* My Offensive Tongue can utter
Nothing pleasing to you ; so great are your
Misfortunes, and your Honour so tender
To you : Yet if my Bloud could Cure the Wounds
I have given you, I would not stick to make
A Balsome with it. *End.* Thou art not He
Which gave 'em me. *Pal.* If my Repentance can make
Me Clear, I am not. Otherwise twas I
Who blinded with the beauty of a Rash
Revenge, tore from you all your Joyes, and with it,
Lost my Owne. *End.* Th'art strangely Altered
If thou bee'st he ! *Pal.* Nothing so strangely
As my Hopes are. Which first appeared to me
In a shape most Heavenly, and told me
All should be as Blessed as their Form !
That if I would strike one Noble Blow,
I should remove the Numerous Wrongs and Evils
Of a Nation. But treacherously hid it
From my sight, that with the same stroke, I should
Produce One Evill, out-weighing all the rest
That I had Remedied. *End.* Why dost thou Colour thus
Thy Cruelty with Outward shew of Justice
And Compassion ? Thou hadst no Cause for that
Which thou hast done, The Wrongs were General
Thou Urgest so ; and of a Publique Nature,
And came not in the Compasse of thy Private
Vengeance ; but that thou hadst a Hand was ever prest
And ready to act a Cruelty. *Pal.* Yet I had
A Cause, pardon me that I say so, and being
That I saw not You before I did it,
A Just One. I lost a Sovereigne, as near
To me in Bloud, as Love. And if this Cause
Seeme Rempte, I had a Father Murdered,
Whose Death it became me to Right with Vengeance,
As it becomes you to mourn ore yours with Teares.
My self the First Prince of all this Isle,
Was drove a Fugitive to other Countryes,
My Wrongs and Innocence were my onely Guilt.
Nor did my Persecutors here give ore,

They thought too Much was Left me in my Life;
So Poore at that time, so Orehelmd with Miseries;
Twas hardly from a Death to be distinguish'd;
Their Injuries put a New One in me,
And blew the Spark into a Flame, Consum'd em.
Look on this ----- It may bring you Comfort
With making you Out-of-love with the Subject
Of your Grief. *End. Pallantus!* are you *Pallantus*.

Pal. This is the first Day, I have dared to be so

End. And to all the Treason and Injustice named,
Here's sign'd, *Timens!* Couldst thou be so Cruell,
So foully Impious? Degenerate Brother!
This hath made a Mercy of all that hath
Befallen thee: Nay thou dost deserve

To have thy Punishments out-Live thee;
To have this Blasting Character engraved upon
Thy Tombe to all Posterity. *Here lies*

The Bloudy, Treacherous, and (to make thee
Monstrous, to have thy Age joynd to it)

The Young Timens; that was subtle in
His Youth. What remains for me? That Happinesse

The most Wretched do enjoy, is taken

From me, A Worthy Cause of Sorrow. Now

I can neither Live or Dye without a Staine.

Pal. Can you find yet a Resemblance but of Justice

In my Actions? *End.* I Know not how to Answer you

The Tongue that can defend such Impious Deeds,

Must be as Wicked as the Will that did

Commit'em. Had Equity poynted all

Your Actions out, given you Rules to work by,

Told you how much, how farre you must have gon,

You could not have done more Justly. There wants

Not any thing to Crown your Judgment, but

My Death, the onely Surviving Issue

Of that Sinful Race: I have a long time

Loathd my Life, and now I loath My Self too,

I find, I know not how, a Guiltinesse

Possesse me; my Fathers Crimes, flow like his Bloud

Within me. *Pal.* O say not so! Forbear at length

To prophane the Divine Goodnesse that dwels

In you! It is a Sin, though You Your self

Commit it. Shall Self-Slaughter be held a Sin,

A Self-Slander not be Noted as a

Greater Crime? If the first be Murder,

So much the Soul's more Extellent than the Body,

That the Last must be held a Sacriledge; a kind of

Blaspheming of the Deiry dwels in us.

Take heed, while you would rather Dye, than bear

A Staine, you pull not the Greatest on you

By avoiding it. *End.* They that will preserve

A pure and Spotlesse Soul; must punish even

The least Affinity in themselves to Sin.

Pal. Be yet advis'd. They that too Nicely Create

Sin where tis not, Condemn their Innocente

When their Judgment's Faulty. *End.* Why do you thus

Reward me Good for Evill? VVhy would you

VVith-hold me from Perishing Justly,

That sought to sink you in all your Innocence?

Could my Imprecations have drove you

To Destruction, I had had but the End

I aimd at. *Pal.* Y're still a Judge too Cruell

To your Self. All those Imprecations

I deserv'd, as I then shew'd to you.
 But doe you Ask, Why I would save you from
 Destruction? O you have set too High a Prize
 Happineffe in That your Question, unlesse
 Your Bounty too would shew the Way, that we
 Might Hope to Effect it! How should I desire
 The proudest Honours that attend the Sword
 In which Robbers and Ruffians may be Sharers
 With me, to win a Glory so perfectlie
 Illustrious? And could I bestow
 So Matchlesse and Divine a Benefit,
 As Your Preservation, on the World,
 people would stile me God! And though from the Earth
 I took my Being, with the Noblest of
 The Ancient Heroes they'd fix my Name in Heaven,
 Invest me with Diadem of Starres,
 And Robe of Immortalitie! And what is it
 That Obstructs this Blessing to the World and Me?
 If I look upon your Innocence,
 I read a Book, in which, not onely a Few
 Finite Yeares are writ, but see an Age
 Drawn out to all Eternitie. If on your
 Losse of State; no Injurie of the World,
 No Shock of Fortune can diminish
 A True Greatnesse, That which was your Own,
 Is still On you; and sets you forth th' Example
 And Adoration, both of the Present
 And the Future World. Is it then last,
 Your Losse of Friends, or all these joynd together,
 That withholds this Blessing we would so Dearly
 purchase? What is there in your Condition,
 That is not to be paralleld in Others?
 Look upon my Misfortunes, and you shall find
 A perfect Sceme of all your Saddest Evils.
 I lost, as you have done, a Father, a King,
 The Second Hopes unto a Crown, the Joyes
 And Glory which doe wait on these: Nay more,
 By you I lost them. Remember what your
 Righ Hand, your Father, and your Brother, did
 Take from me, what your Left, their Ministers,
 And Servants. Learn then a Strength of me, (that
 Is the Worst Name for it) to bear a Change
 Of Fortune: And pardon a Fathers Death;
 Let the Innocence of Mine excuse my
 Violence to yours. We are the Wretched if Two
 Alive, made so by Our Selves, and can be
 Onely Happy in Our Selves— No Beam of Joy yet?
 No breaking of a Raie of Comfort,
 From these Clouds of Sadnesse? No Dancing
 After this Long Night of Sorrow? Madam,
 Yet look up! Though hitherto my Comforts
 Have been Air, and unable to remove
 The weight of Grief oppresses you, yet here's
 One remaining, I dare pronounce, will prove Successfull.
 Vouchsafe to cast an Eye upon this Paper,
 That beares the Characters of your Living
 Brother, and other Friends. *End. It is not so!*
 It cannot, it must not be! Your Safeties
 Will not Suffer this; if the Sword of Warre
 Have spar'd him, That of Policie hath Cut him off.
 Forbear to Mock me thus, such Delusions
 Drive my Sorrowes to Distraction. *Pass. Madam,*

He lives, and with him all the Rest, whose Names
Are there Subscrib'd; nor is there more than One
(Could you but pardon that) of any Note
Has lost a Life by these Late Troubles. Think not
I have mock'd you with a Deceitfull Shew.
I know, to have given you Happineffe,
As you imagine, had been Twice onely
To have Snatch'd it from you. I shall say no more
To you, But Live as you find the Hopes true
I have promist you. And believe when I
Spoken this: my Life, my Honour, all that
I possesse, and all that can be added
To me, are a Gage Short to that I have given you.
And till I present your Brother in Safetie
To you, I'll never presse to enjoy again
The Heaven of Looking on you. *Red. Madam, clear*
Your Spirits yet at last from these Clouds
Of Discontent. Many Noble Comforts
Court you on ev'ry Side; make a Truce
With Your Sorrowes, but till you see the Issue
Of'em. *End.* I shall at least so far, as till
I have prov'd this One that's promist me.

*Enter Cleander, Hianthe, Clearchus, Aratus, Haimantus, Phronimus,
and Eurilochus; Shouts of the People as they Enter.*

*People. Jove, Neptune, Apollo, all the Powers
That favour Crete, preserve and blesse the King.
Clean. Through the Happineffe of my People. May
I know no other Joy or Blisse, but what
First passes you, the Middle-Way of Blessings
Between the Gods and Me. People. The Gods preserve
Your Majestie.*

Enter Pallantus, and Kneels and kisses the Kings Hand.

Pall. Sir, I humbly crave your pardon,
That thus tardily, after the People,
And your Enemies, I present my Dutie
To you, and wish you Happineffe. *King. I cannot
Be deceiv'd, thou must be, th' Inimitable,
Matchlesse, not to be Counterfeited, or
Resembl'd, Great Pallantus! Whom as none
Can Reach to in a Noble Action, so none
Can Equall in a Gallant presence! Nor
Doe I wonder to see the Change wrought in thee,
Thy Deed hath thus Transform'd thee, It sits upon
Thy Brow, and casts a Glorie round about
Thy Face!* *Ara.* Me thinks till this Day, the Times had
Likewise a Vizer on, a Look'd not with
A True Face before. Sir, you shall hourly see
New Graces, and New Glories break forth from him!

Pall. My Lord, you promise too Highlie for me.

Ara. Thou look'st sadlie after all thy Honour.

King. So my-thoughts! What can be the Cause? Can He
That has given a Nation Happineffe, want it
Himself? Speak thy Discontent. If it lie not
In my own Power to Remedie, I'll Sacrifice
In thy behalf. *Pall.* Sir, low as the Earth I bow
To you. But that which is my Grief, will be
No longer mine alone, than while I doe
Conceal it; 'tis a Disease, that all Good Men

Will catch with the first Fancie, and Conceit.
Justice could never yet, with all her Care,
So carve out her Punishment, but that the Innocent
Were Wounded with the Stroke, and felt the Judgement
Of anothers Sin. While with her Sword,
She Cuts off the Offending Parent, the Child
Is made an Orphan in the Cradle, and mourns
In after daies, the Crime he nere Committed.

Clean. Whither does this Sad beginning tend?

Pal. To this Sir. As we have slain (with all Religion)

A bloody Tyrant and Usurper; one
That was Greater in his Sins, than in the
Kingdome he purchas't by them: So too we have
Unjustly slain the Father of a Lady,
That knew not so much Guilt, as to satisfie her,
Why she lost him. And for want of his Life,
She now Contemns her Own, a Jewell
Of Inestimable Valew to all the World,
But to her self. Sir you cannot call Her
An Enemy, though her Goodnesse stood against You
So Many Years, and preserv'd her Father,
In despite of all his Sins. It became her
To withstand the greatest Piety what ere,
If it were an Enemy to her Own.

Hian. Her Cause of Grief is Mighty, and if Care

Be not taken, as their Faults have done the Rest,
Her Goodnesse will destroy her. We that beheld
The past Deformities, can bear Witnesse
Of her Vertues. She was the onely Mine
Of Honour, and when we had been wearied
In seeking one Grain else where, in Her
We could find a Treasure. Nor was this a Beauty
In her, set off onely with the Blemishes
Of Others, And Foyl'd by Generall Vices;
But twas a Reall, and a Native Excellence,

Which as it could not be obscur'd by Thickest

Darknesse, so neither could it be out-shined

By the most Radiant Brightnesse. *King.* Her Grief

Concerns us all, and ought to be provided for

Before our Feasts and Triumphs. *Returne.*

In our Name to Her, and tell Her, be the Advantages

Nere so Eminent we have receiv'd by'em,

We truly Mourn, for whatever Losses, may be Called Here,

Say too, in Person we had come to Comfort her,

But that we thought a Visitt, in the Freshnesse

Of her Sufferings, too much Violence.

What ever there remains, that can bring a Joy

To Her, shall carefully be sought out,

And offered to her. Her Brother with many

Of her Friends are fled into the Fort,

And are there shut up. Vould I could give'em Life

What say you my Lord? May I do this?

VWill not Mercy in this place, be Madnesse?

Ans. Sir 'twill be so in no place. You may do this,

Or any thing you have a mind too.

Even in your Suddain'st, Unconsidered Thoughts,

There is a Secret Counsell, and Depth of VVilldome;

And seeing all your Actions, Nay, all your Pleasures

Are in some Exercise of Vertue; we

VWill not crosse you in'em, but make't

Our greater Care, to see you no time Suffer

By your Goodnesse, or that your Mercy prove

A Cruelty to Your self. *Clean.* You have given me
 Resolution. Haste then in the first place
 Unto the Fort ('Twas their desire this Morning,
 To have Conference with one of Note)
 And if you finde 'em fit for Mercy,
 Or to be made fit, offer't to 'em

Exit our Officers.

*Enter at one doore Polyander, Menetius, Comastes, and the Captain
 of the Guard; Timon to them at the other.*

Timon. No Answer yet return'd? *Poly.* Not yet Sir.

Exit Captain.

Time. One look out again. *Polyander,* I remember,
 I heard thee once say, when I condemn'd thee
 For thy smiles, That if there were a Cause, thou
 Couldst frown, VVhy look'st thou Sadly at this Time then?
 Our Fortunes ought rather to stir our Indignation
 Than our Grief. *Poly.* Sir were they my Own Misfortunes
 I were under, and not yours, the Heaviest
 Pressures should not move a Passion in me,
 Unlesse it were some Glory, but when I look
 On you a Fellow-Sufferer with me,
 Remember the State from which y'are fallen,
 Though in my Own Miseries I had a Heart
 Offlint and Rock, In yours I could desolv't
 Into a Stream of Teares. *Cap.* Sir ther's now one arriv'd,
 Has certainly brought an Answer. *Timon.* Let us

Exit Captain.

Seat our selves before he Enters, that he
 May see on what strength our Demands are made.
 Every Man put on a Face of Mirth and
 Resolution; and fancie to himself
 He's at a Banquet, that will refresh him,
 After all his Toyle----- VVho's this? Do any
 Of you know him? *Poly.* Not I my Lord!

*They all sit down about
 a Table that has a Cup
 of poison on it.*

Enter Polixenus.

Time. Sir, Y'are VVelcome But we Invite you only
 To look on. The Liquor this Goblet holds,
 Though it be Brisk, and of a Lusty Operation,
 VVe cannot Commend so much for Purity,
 Or help to Good Digestion. The Gods
 Give not Life more Certain, than this gives Death;
 Do you think you can behold the Drinking
 Of it? VVould *Aratus* himself were here,
 That once he might be Glutted with
 A Spectacle of Death! You look Pale on us
 Already. Fly Sir, while you may; for certainly
 Your Enemys have a Plot upon you,
 And sent you hither to take your Death in
 By your Eyes. Had they none to send us,
 To behold our Resolutions, but such a Trifle?

Pal. What Shape can I put on, and thou not Injure
 Me in't? I never yet appear'd to thee
 In any Form, but Either I found thy Scorn
 Or Hatred in it! At first I was thy Fear,
 As all that were Innocent did Fright thee.
 And because Thou wert Guilty, I was *Barbarous*
 Not to remove me neither, but my Death
 VVhich standing firme 'gainst any Stroke of Law,
 By Treachery thou would'st have reach'd it.
 And when by Miracle I scapt thy Plotted
 Mischief, by Chance thou would'st it have slain me
 A Stranger, and unknown to thee: My Disguise
 VVrong'd thee not, nor couldst thou pretend a Quarrel
 To it, more than to him that in the remotest

India draws his breath— *Time*. I know thee now !
Thou need'st not further declare thy self !
And thou art Come past all my Wishes
To Satisfie my Regence.

Timeus starts from the
Table, and draws his
Sword, the rest do
the like.

Pallantus Knocks, and a Guard rushes in.

Pall. Hold. I came
To bring Peace, and not Destruction. Do you
Perceive yet how vain is all your Malice ?

Time. If thou art that man thou would'st seem to be,
And Equallie with Me do'st honour a Dead
Father ; yet setting by these Seconds,
Let us Singlie trie our Hatred. The Grant
Of This will please me more, then a Confession
Of all the Articles proposed by me.
I had rather see thee Dead, or by this Meanes,
Not see thee Live, then again be Master
Of the Fortunes I have Lost. I am unfit
For Life, And shall but curse the Givers of it.

Pall. If I thought so, I'd grant to your Request,
'And Kill you ; I could doe it, I have Strength
And Justice enough to make me Able.
But you are not so Bad as you suppose.
These are Despairing, not Malitious Thoughts.
Yet ere I gooe (rest assured) one way or other
I'll give you Satisfaction, I came
For that Intent. Shew me your Articles—

And last, *That thou attended we may depart*
The Isle. How poor are these Conditions !
Without more Commission I dare grant you
Better. Why these are demands within the Compass
Of a Subjects Asking. Be not Deceiv'd,
You were not so Safe in your Own Raign,
As in your Enemies. The State is not
Translated from one Tyrannie to another ;
But a Prince governes now, which is a Name
Of Mercy as well as Power ; which He truly Knowes,
And in his first Deeds desires to shew on you.
He does not think he's then like *Jove*, when he can
Thunder, but when he can shoure down Blessings
On a Nation : Not when he is the Voyce
Of Death, but when he sits Harmlesse with the Power
Of Death about him. Revenge, Torments,
Executions, are not the Attributes
Of a King, but a Destruction. He Rivals not
The Immortall Powers in Temples, Statues,
Adoration ; but in Transcendent Vertues,
Divine performances ; the Saving, Helping
Qualities, not the Stern, and Awefull,
Are the Steps, by which he Climbes above the Heads
O'th' people, and appears a God on Earth.

Time. Why should I be a Stranger to these Vertues
More then this man ? I was not born for Lesse Things.
Then He ! Certainlie, when Nature made this Frame
She intended it for the Noblest purposes.

Pall. What doe you yet Resolve, or Demand further ?

Time. How my Soul's Acquainted with these Excellent
Precepts, though it have been ever Kept
A Stranger to 'em ! how it approves, consents,
Takes part with 'em at first hearing ; even winding
And twisting with 'em, as if its Highest Good

Here one gives him the Articles,
which he seems to run over
with his Eye, and reads the
last aloud.

He wonders not what *Pallantus* says, but

continues his meditation.

Were in their Fellowship? *Pall.* If you have no more
To Ask, or Hope for, hear what is Freely
Offer'd to you. Your Lives in the first place
Are granted you; In the next your Fortunes,
Honours (in a word) whatever with Justice
You can call yours. Why look you Wildlie at this Gift
Of Grace? It is no Wonder to the Giver
Of it, nor them which live about him, though
The Consequence may seem Dangerous.

'Twere not worthie the High Name of his Vertue,
If either the perill or Offence were Lesse.

And 'tis but a Mean Expression of his
Goodnesse, to say, His Enemies were Courted

To Live by him. But presentlie you'l think,
This Offer'd Mercie is not to Save you,

But to Deferre your Death. A Vain Thought.
When can it be done more Justlie? Or more

Safely? Y^e are as farre from those to Pittie you,

As to Help you: None but Himself has any Care
Of you. 'Tis true, there is a Lady that had

A share in you, but Injuriously
You threw her off; nor can you claim an Interest;

When you have Neglected Her in all her Miseries:
Not in your Flight, your Articles, no Not

In your Thoughts provided for Her. And had
She not fallen into the Hands of Enemies,

That were Servants too to Honour, You had
Thrown away a Jewel, that had a First Esteem

Even among the Gods. *Time.* O Sir, you have undermin'd

My Pride, and remov'd me from that Advantage-Ground
I stood on, to my Own Low Pitch. These your

Last Words come Neat unto me, and make me,
With Reverence, believe all that you have spoken.

Your Vertues before did onely stir my Hate
And Envie; but this Deed has taught me Admire you.

Nor can I doubt, there is a want of any Honour,

When you have shewn such Noble Care, in preserving
A Distressed Virgin, whom I durst not think of,

Least I should think too of Dishonour.

Pall. Sir, keep your Transportation to your self.

We doe not think Our Selves such High Deservers,
In doing that which Barbarous People

Would have done: They which would have burnt the Temples,

Would have Knel'd to Her; and what Duties their

Want of Faith deni'd unto the Altars,

So Visible an Image of the Deitie

Would have call'd from 'em! Think you, we could desire

To save such Enemies as you, and not

Adore an Enemie of Her Vertues?

Time. Give me not Scorn, and Honour in the same breath:

You cannot so Nicelie, so Abstractedly,

Conferre a Benefit on the Unfortunate

Endora, but it will Reflect on me.

Your Words besides, with a kind of God-like

Power, have remov'd, not onely my Despaire

And troubles; but like Heavens Lightning, shot into

My Soul, has torn me from my self; burnt and

Consum'd all that was Vicious and Corrupt

Within me. Be not then Unlike the powers

You have yet resembl'd, to scorn the Person

That your Grace Converted. *Pall.* All Vertues, crown'd

With Happinesse, flourish in *Time*.

I meet you to the fullest of your Wishes
And believe, as my Bodie is now One
With yours, my Soul is no lesse joyn'd.
I perfectlie Forgive, whatever you
Have done to me: Forget, what I have done
To You. Next, believe with This, I throw away
All Danger that does threaten you. In the last place,
Follow me whether I shall Lead you.

They embrace.

*He casts away the poyson.
Exeunt all but Comastes.*

Com. I breath, am warm, alive all over; feel, smell, hear (but when I look on * Thee, I thank God) I taste not. I see too, and more particularlie, that 'tis not Death, but a Dream of Death onely that hangs on me; Some ill Vapours of the Spleen, bred from Noise of Warre, hearing of Murders, Varietie of Danger, and no Feasting. The King, my bountifull and loving Master, was kill'd suddainlie; his Son deserted by the Armie and the whole Kingdome, on the Newes, leapt hardlie with his Life, a few friends and followers to this Fort: where, with as much adoe, we shut our Selves in, and our Enemies out; But Honour, a subtiler and more pernicious Adversarie than all the rest, shuffled it self into the Hold with us, and has never ceas'd one minute since, in its Own Name, and the Name of Honestie, of the Condition we have Lost, and the Disgraces we were to expect, to present us with Halters, Daggers, Poyson, any thing that might give us (as the term'd it) a Noble End. I must confesse, I am not for these Melanchollie Things, my Ends have still lain otherwise. 'Tis true, I bear on me the Dignitie of a Lord. But how? As a Pedler does his pack, upon my Shoulders, not in my Heart. And what is Honour at the best? But a bare Name onely; and not alwayes so much to me: the Title was never given me Seriousslie, but by Rascals; with my Fellow Peeres (if I pleas'd 'em in the Feast) I was my Lord *Comastes*. If not, *Comastes* with my face-full of Sauce, and my Locks of Liqueur, my hair and beard dropping like a Wine-presse, as if my being there were not to Drink the Wine, but Make it. But again, I have a Lordship in Land to loose, as well as Title. What then? shall I sell my Life for Dirt? My Soul for a few Acres? I'll batter the World too for a Grave, and maintain't I make as Wise a Bargain. But say this Land be taken from me, pray how came I by it? Was it the Inheritance of my Noble Father, or the Purchase of my own Wit? Good Yeoman-of-the-Bottles Sleep in peace; your Sonnes Being was from you, but his Well-Being, and his Dignities, from his proper Vertues. Which as the philosopher wisely observes, *in no fortune leave the Owner*. And while the Sciences of Eating, Drinking, Fooling, and the like, are held in Estimation, I cannot want a Lordship. Farewell therefore all Dreames and Meditations of the Other World, my Making was for this; your *Elizium* with Sweet Shades, and purling Streames, does not one whit entice me, for when they have said all they can, 'tis still to be Dead, to be there. And having happilie broken from the Companie of my Noble Associates, I'll yoak no more with 'em, till I see what becomes of their Magnanimities: but thus as I am, alone, with warie steps I'll march unto the New Court; and doe not Despair, though the King and State be Chang'd, to continue still the same Man.

Exit Comastes.

Enter Pallantus, Timens, Polyander, and Menetius.

Pall. My Lord, I beseech you attend here
Till I give notice of your Coming.

*Pallantus goes out, and returns presently again, and holds up the
Hanging for Eudora, who with transportation meets her Brother,
after whose first Encounter Pallantus withdrew.*

End. Oh! Is it Reall, that my Armes embrace?
Or do they Idlie thus inould a Shadow?
Liv'st thou *Timens*? Or are we Dead together?
And on the *Elizium* Banks enjoy this
Meeting. Say, and confirm me. For so lost
In Miserie, so weaken'd and perturbed
With Grief are my best Facades, that what
I doe, and what I see, I know not.

Time. Dearest *Endora*, I excuse thy Weaknesse;

Nor is't a Wonder, if thy Softer Nature
Feel these Impressions of a Potent Sorrow;
When the like Passion disorders even
The Strongest of my Powers, and leaves me broken
With as great Distemper. O my *Endora*,
Well may we rave of Shades below, and
An Hereafter-Being, when we have lately
Suffer'd such a Change, as to a Death
May well be Equall'd. Turn, and cast thy Eye
Upon these Miserable Reliques of our

Former Fortunes. *End.* Yet we doe Live, my Lord;

If they doe Live, that have a Doubtfull Death

Still hanging o're 'em. But my *Times*,

I am o'rewhelm'd with Griefes, th'are parted to me

By an Unequall Hand: my Share of Common Losses

Is the same with Yours; and then my private Troubles

Are no lesse than they. No sooner were the

Transports o're I ow'd your Safetie, but like

The Pangs of Death these seized on my Soul.

Time. What can thy Goodnesse suffer, that's set beyond

The reach of all I can Imagine?

End. Which way shall I begin? I dare not speak

My Troubles; the beholding of thy present Evils,

Forbids the Office of my Tongue. O my

Times, thy Misfortunes are so great,

That they render thee something Sacred

To my Thoughts. And as with Religion

We Impale that Oak, which by Joves Thunder

Has been struck, to keep't hereafter from a

Prophaner Wrong: So Thou, by thy Misfortunes

Struck from Heaven, seem'st Consecrated and Exempted

From all Violation of a Mortall Tongue.

Yet look on This, and read thy Self, those Thoughts

I dare not utter. And though it shew but One

Small Line of that Vast Sceme of Crueltie,

Design'd or Acted by thee, it may serve

To bring the Rest into thy Mind. This Paper

Was found in the Villaines Bosome, that should

Have done the horrid Act, by Him that should

Have suffer'd it. *Time.* *Endora*, though on a

Mind of Bloud and Guilt, this Paper, and thy Words

Attending it, might rush with no lesse Horror,

Than that Thunder thou now spok'st of: Yet on me,

These Bolts and Flashes are like those Brute

And Idle Ones, which dash 'gainst Rocks and Mountains

Without harm. Know, that before these Wakenings

Came from Thee, all Heavens Artillerie has been

Empti'd on my Soul; and those Celestiall Fires

Have wholly purg'd, nay calcin'd, and burnt up

The Old *Times*. And what is seen remaining

Of his Substance, is of a Holier

And Diviner Nature; such as admits

No Commerce with a Sin, unlesse it be,

Like the Religious Magistrate, to Hate,

And Punish it. Such as dares look on all

His Vices past, nay, bear 'em purtrai'd, and

Blazen'd in his Banner, as the Enemies,

And Monsters, 'gainst which he is to wage

A Trucelesse-Warre for ever. *End.* And when *Times*

Shall begin his Race of Vertue, who is there

To be found, that can Out-strip him, or bear up

A Pace that's Equall ! O let me embrace
You again, my Brother ! Twice Saved, twice Restor'd
Unto me ; and much Dearer in the Last
Than First Gift of you. Before my Armes
Infolded but my Comfort, but now they
Contain, and hold their Wonder ! And know *Timens*,
These Vertues Heaven has sent thee, are in no Idle
Uselesse Season given thee, but bestow'd
With as much Providence as Bountie ; when
An Occasion Great and High Calls on 'em.
Say then, my Brave and Vertuous Brother,
Say, From thy New and Changed Soul within thee,
That Radiant, and yet Sparkling Vertue,
From Heaven so Late descended, What Course
Does Honour point forth unto our present
Fortunes. What does its Sacred Lawes exact
And Command from us. Take thus from me the State
Of our Condition. On the One Side, Our Lives
Are granted by our Enemies, and not
Onely so, but we are Highly Courted
To accept 'em, have all the Flatteries
And Temptations, can make us Love them,
Even Otruded on us. On the Other,
We have lost a Father, nay more, a Crown,
They say, Usurpt. This Myserie you better know
Than I. Yet still Consider (for 'twill no lesse
Concern our Honours to weigh this thing)
Whether a False and Usurpt Power (being still
The Sovereign and Highest) doe not Create
Something of a True and Reall Greatnesse
In the Persons that have borne it, which forbids 'em
To Act a Second, and a Lower Part, on this
Worlds Stage. And if in this Scrutinie, the Verdict
Be cast against our Lives, Know 'tis not
In Our Enemies powers to give us that,
Which Dutie, our Higher Master, Commands us
To throw from us ; but either thou art Oblig'd
To shew me the Way to Death ; or 'tis expected,
That thou Learn it from me. *Time. O Endora*,
Thou Wonder of Vertue, thou Miracle
Of Honour ! How fordid Low, how despicable
Poor is all the World beside thee ! What Noble
Heights thy Soul does mount to, no lesse above
The Following, than President of others !
And shall I presume to Judge those Daz'ling-Flights,
Which no Eye lesse Heavenlie than thine Own
Can reach to ? Shall *Timens* ? A Trewant ?
A Novice in the School of Vertue ?
A Proficient but of Yesterday ? No.
Endora, pronounce boldlie what thy Soul
Shall dictate, as to an Oracle I will submit,
But never teach thy Vertue. If the Question
Thou hast put be Hard, I dare not speak in't,
'Tis *Endoras* Life : if it be Easie,
'Twas yet her finding, and poorlie I will not
Rob her of the Glory. *End. Alas, alas*,
How farre I am mistaken ! Thou giv'st me Glory,
And I need thy Pittie. Thus Children have a Sword
Put in their Hand, when both their Hand and Sword
Need holding by another. If I had
Vanitie to take unto my Self the Powers
Thou speak'st of ; yet at this time,

Like a Phisician that's himself Distemper'd,
 My Learning and Experience serve me Nothing,
 No *Timens*, my Reason's darken'd,
 The Clouds of Discontent obscure my soul,
 And in the Mazes of a troubled Mind
 I wander without a Clew to guide me.
 Death with his Horrors, and Dismay laid-by,
 Drest in a Form bewitching, and Uncommon,
 And waited on by Crowds of Sweets, and Pleasures;
 (As if with Love again he had chang'd his Arrows)
 Most powerfully Charms and calls me to Him!
 One while presents before me, the Famed Examples
 Of the *Romane* Fortitude, th' exalted
 Glories of those Ancient Worthies, that preferr'd
 A Noble Death, before a Life of Pleasure;
 And of Shame. And then pursues this I heam
 Of Shame, though all those steps of low Contempt;
 And Scorn, I open'd to you at the first,
 Or the Worlds Censure can be thought to blast
 The Gallant by. Life on the Other side,
 With a Deportment Sad, and Face Austere,
 Without all dress, or shew of Blandishment;
 But with a kind of Awful, and Divine
 Authority, forbids me hear th' Allurements
 Sung by Death; tells me, though the Notes be Sweet,
 Th' are most Pernicious, and that a *Syrène*
 Sings 'em; that the VVorlds Opinions, as her
 Pleasures, are False and Impious, and by
 The Vertuous both should be contemn'd, Opinions
 In Truth, and not in Number, take their VVeight.
 Now well I understand, when Both have Pleaded thus;
 'Tis neither Life, nor Death, the Noble should
 Desire, but Duty. The One, and Other;
 Ought to be held Indifferent: and this Third
 Alone with Passion be pursu'd. But now
 In which of these two Our Present Duty lies,
 There stands the Scruple I am troubled with,
 There stands the Doubt I would have Solv'd. For when
 I dare meet Death in any Form, I would not
 Have it said *Endora* forfeited the Belief,
 Of having a Diviner soul, while through Fear,
 Like a Plant or Vegetable, she clove
 To a Being on this Earth. Nor yet, when
 I have Greatnesse enough to look on Life,
 In the most Frowning and Unpleasing Aspect,
 That unequall to my Miseries, Out-fac'd
 With Troubles, I poorly fled my Station
 In this World, and Crept into the Calm of Death
 To seek my Peace. Like Boasters thus playing
 The Coward under a Masque of Vallour.

Time. *Endora*, this part of your Philosophy,
 That Life and Death ought neither to be Consider'd;
 But as they may Conduce unto our Vertue,
 None more firmly does imbrace than I.
 Nor in the Dayes my Soul was tainted with
 The Blackest Crimes, was an Unmanly Fear,
 Ere part of that my Guilt. And yet *Endora*,
 I must say, I see no reason, more than
 The Scruple, the Reputation of thy Question
 Put into me, why the Prolonging of
 Our Lives should be Dishonourable to
 Either of Us. And if it be Duty that calls us

For when

To our Death, it will not be hard to shew
Where that Duty is set down. If the Worlds
Opinion onely, what that Opinion is,
Thou hast already spoken. Thy words import
Beside, that the Discontented, Passionate,
Vain-glorious, obtain not, by their Contempt
Of Life, the Honours of a Noble Death :
But Those alone, who have no Other Way,
To save their Vertue. So that, 'twas not *Rome's*
Cato, or her *Portia* which deserv'd this Crown ;
But her *Curtius*, her *Regulus*, her *Decius*.
And if any do Object, that the first
Of these, were also Highly Vertuous,
I readily confesse it : but all that
The Vertuous do, is not alwaies Vertuous.
This is an Immunity of the Gods,
And not of Good-Men. And though *One Common*
Glory belong'd unto the Lives of Both
Of these, the Glory of their Deaths was farre
Unequal. The One sought Themselves, the Other
Sought their Duty To bring all this home to Thee
Endora, Remember that thy Vertue's
Courtied, thy Honour's safe, no way Assaulted.
But ador'd. And then for Thee to think of Death,
Is Idle, Vain, or Scrupulous ; Error,
And not Vertue ; Superstition, and not
Duty, nay worse, 'tis Dire and Impious ;
Something that might Sute perhaps, with the Foul Death
Of *Timens* former Life, but not with
The Fairer Actions of *Endora*.

Pal. How like a Skie troubled with Clouds and Mistons,
That Heavenly face appears ! The most Propitious
Aspects from on High, shine on their present
Councels. I fear some Deadly Maxime governs,
And guides their Consultation. *End. Timens*,
This is the Time allow'd us to work out
To Our selves, an Everlasting Honour.
If we let-slip the Opportunity,
W'are lost unto a Noble Name for ever.

Time. Endora, there's little danger of an Error,
Or Omission there, where neither Will,
Nor want of Care betray'd the Business held
In Consultation. *End.* For should we think
To Reassume again hereafter, our
Councell's now laid-by ; Our Neglect at present,
Would not be look'd on as an Error, but
A most Wretched Poorness ; and our best Pretence
Be judg'd a pittifull afflicted Folly.

Time. There is but one Particular I know
Can hinder, in *Endora*, the Choyce of Life,
From being just, and truly Honourable.

End. There spoke my Noble Brother ! That, that particular
Timens ! That Particular is Undoubtedly
The thing we have so long been searching for,
And never found till now. *Time.* 'Tis this *Endora*,
That thou be well perswaded and assur'd,
Of what thou put'st in Act : for the most Just
And Lawfull Action perform'd with Doubling,
Becomes Unlawful. *End. Timens*, I thank you,
For your Reproof ; I shall believe it seasonably
Given me. It has awak'd me, and no longer
Will I hover in a Doubtful Mind ; 'Tis true,

New Passage

This sence you have delivered; coming to me
 From another Hand, I held suspected;
 Thought it not safe, too hastily to Credit it,
 From you: But seeing you do not onely Affirm,
 But Abide and stand in this your Sentence:
 I likewise as an Undoubted Truth, will
 Accept, and rest upon it.---Say now *Timens*,
 Do you know yond Person, that did Conduct you
 To this place? *Time*. Know him, *Eudora*! Yes,
 When he wander'd in Remotest Nations,
 My Fears held Intelligence on his Motions;
 When first he set his Foot within this Land,
 My Spirit, by a kind of Antipathy,
 Did feel it. In his Disguise I knew him.
 There is no Place, or Shape he can be Hid in,
 But my Soul would find him. He was the Meteor first;
 That hung with Direful Threats ore my Impiety.
 But since the Auspicious Star, that lead me,
 Both to Honour, and to Life. 'Tis the Valiant,
 Vertuous, and Heroick Prince *Pallantus*!
End. My Obligations are no less to him,
 Than yours. Too long we do neglect him,
 And having oncé resolv'd to accept of Life,
 We ought to acknowledge it to Him that
 Gave it us. Let us joyn our Thanks together.

*Here they both go to Pallantus, who first shows us, till Eudora
 begins to speak, but then as one surprized he turns to them.*

End. My Lord—we come to acknowledge our Lives,
 To have been your Gift, and in no Common way
 Bestow'd upon us. Mercy must be allow'd
 A share i'th' Act; but had not your Honour,
 And Prudence, wrought more Effectually,
 The Other Vertue had been Useless to us.
 As you are the Greatest, Bravest, most Glorious
 Person of this your Age; may you be likewise seen,
 The most Fortunate, and most Happy.

Pall. Eudora, like the Gods, when she Sayes happiness,
 She Gives it. But what thanks shall I, and all
 The World with me, return for the Unvaluable
 Benefit, she acknowledges Received,
 But is indeed Confer'd on us, The Conservation
 Of her Life? *Red*. Madam, the King's hard by,
 Coming, as 'tis said, with an intent
 To visit you. *End*. The King? *Pall*. 'Tis true Madam.
 I had it in command from him, to say,
 He was a Suter to you, to admit
 A Visit from him; *End*. What will you do, *Timens*,
 With your self? *Time*. Not willingly meet him
 At this time. *Pall*. My Lord, you need not, you may
 Withdraw. I believe too, a fitter time
 May be found to present you to him.

Enter Rodia.

*Exit Timens,
 Poly. Monimus.*

*Enter Cleander, Clearchus, leading Hicetho, Melissa,
 Aratus, Haimantus, Phronimus, and Eurylochus.*

Clean. Madam, fall not so low; too much already
 We have Dejected you, and gladly would
 Descend our selves, to raise you Higher.
 Yet look on that Majesty the Gods have
 Enthron'd in you, your Matchless Vertues,

Eudora goes to King.

And Divine Perfections, and you will see
 Not only there's none Above you, but none
 Can be found your Peers. Our Visit, is in wish
 To Comfort you ; and we hope, while our Highest
 Vowes are such, you will not scorn the Offer,
 Though from your Enemies ; your Enemies,
 By Fate, and Fortune Madam ; by Design,
 And Will, your vow'd and perfect Servants. *End. O Sir,*
 Permit me to throw my self before your Feet!
 It is not fit I stand an equal Height,
 With Majesty and Vertue, so much Above me,
 What hateful Name, and by the World abhor'd,
 Is due to me, when you have call'd to Your self
 An Enemy ? If you are One, 'tis to
 Your own security, in preferring thus
 Your Mercy, before your Peace. Y^eave given me,
 And my Brother Life, to bring your own in danger,
 And Remov'd our Grief, which may hereafter
 Cause it to your self. Sir, think me Unworthy,
 But not a Scornor, of these Favours. I know
 To weigh both my Losses, and Obligations
 To you. *Clean.* If you will make us happy,
 To partake hereafter our Joyes with us,
 With you we will observe your Dayes of Mourning.
 Count all your losses Ours ; with most Obscure Rites
 Adorn the Dead ; remember, and lament him,
 As a common Parent. *Ham.* None, Madam,
 With so high a Confidence, can wish you
 Comfort, as my self ; who in so long, and sad
 A Night of sorrow, knew none, but what you gave me.
 Be Favourable still to me, and grant me
 A time to pay 'em back ; be favourable
 To the Age in the same Grant ; your Name will bless
 Its Annals, while it has leave to boast,
 Not onely its own Vertues, but all the former Years
 Could justly Glory in. *Clean.* Fame, thou spok'st loudly
 Of these Ladies, and yet thy Voyce was narrow
 In their praise.

*Enter Comastes creeping behind the backs of the Company,
 who severally make their Addressesto Eudora.*

Com. I have Past hitherto,
 And perceive no great Alteration.
 I thought the subversion of a State,
 Would have chang'd the form o^rth^e Houses, and the Streets.
 It has not shifted a sute of Hangings here.
 Yonder's our princeess too ; I am among Friends.
 Now Fortune direct me, which is the King—
 The Least-Change that e^r I saw. Nay, then
 I perceive, I may e'en do what I list.
Ara. My Lord *Comastes* ! Faith this was kindly done,
 To make the King a Visit. *Com.* Your servant
 My Lord. I hope you have forgot the little
 Unkindness, which past betwixt Your Lordship,
 And my self, and will speak a Noble Word
 In my behalf unto the King. *Ara.* Ha, ha, ha,
 Would it thou be Fool again ? *Com.* No my Lord,
 You know I was never call'd so in the Last Raig.
Ara. Ha, ha, ha, Why I tell thee, the King's too serious.
 He never Laughs, nor Smiles, but very seldom,
 And then 'tis still in Approbation,

Of something Excellent. He hates a Jest. Look
Twice h'as cast his Eye upon thee, and yet
Keeps his Countenance : Despair of ever Pleasing him,
There's no Buffoonrie can come from thee,
So Ridiculous, as thy present Misery.

Chan. My Lord — Who's that? *Ara.* One Sir that was Master

Of the Dead King's Mirth, he never laugh without
His Allowance. 'Twas in's Power to have jested
The best Head off in the Kingdome: Yet I think
He was guilty of no worse Crime, than *Lunary.*

Clean. What does he expect? *Ara.* To hold the same place

Under you. *Clear.* Sir, we understand you,

And your Desires. Go, leave the Court; be not
Seen in't after this day, upon your Life.

And look warily to your Actions,

If you shall deserve the Lightest Punishment,

The Heaviest shall fall on you. *Ara.* Stay my Lord —

Sir, you have Doom'd him, as if you had been Witness

Of his Follies, and were there not hopes he might

Redeem the Life he has so ill spent,

A weightier judgement were deserv'd by him.

Sir, I beseech you let me intreat for him,

He's yet Young, and if he have Leave, may be

Virtuous. Continue Sir, as you have begun,

To Change the Men, and not Destroy 'em.

He thrust himself with confidence on your Mercy;

Let it not be said, that that was a Snare to any.

Besides, Sir, you have made this Place a Sanctuary,

To All that can claim an Interest

In that Excellent Lady. *Clean.* My Lord, I would

Never taught thus by you. Sir, I recal

What I have said, and wish to see those Vertues,

We hope in you. *Com.* I'll not despair Sir,

To be Master of 'em, 'Twas the desire

Of Favour with my King, that made me what

I was before, and shame now to Remember.

But seeing I am to please another way,

And make Vertue my Endeavour, Unwearied

In those Rougher Waies I'll toyl to gain your Smiles.

Clean. My Lord, having weighed the Necessity

Of your Voyage, I shall not with unseasonable

Complements importune your stay, but rather

Give my best Assistance both to make it

Prosperous, and your Return more speedy.

We have ordered a Fleet, my Lord, to attend

On your Designs, not so much inferior

In Number of Men and Vessels to your own.

Clear. Sir, too profusely you bestow these large

Benefits upon me, without naming all

Conditions, or share of Venture with me.

Clean. Conditions, my Lord? Hereafter Ages,

That have forgot our Obligations,

May make Articles between our Nations,

But ours must ne'er know any; we cannot

Be Losers by you, from whom we have received

All that we possess. *Pall.* My Lord, I am

An humble Sutor (if I may obtain

His Majesties leave) to be allow'd a place

In this your Voyage. The Kingdom sends forth none

More Useless to it, than my self; none that

With more reason seeks the Tumults of a War,

To cure the Troubles of an unquiet Mind.

He kisses the Kings hand

Clas. My Lord, you hold the palm out to me,
In this offer of your Company. Victory,
I know, will follow, which way so e'er you
Turn you. I shall be proud to serve my self
Under so Brave a Conduct. *Clear.* This Accession

Likewise, my Lord, I shall be willing to grant
Unto your Voyage; but still that your Return
May be more Speedie. Yet I hope we have
A Gage in this Lady more powerfull than
All Others, One that will put an Edge unto
Your Sword, and Sailes unto your Vessels.

Clear. Sir, in Her Name alone I doe pursue
This Voyage, and in Her Name alone,
Shall hope a prosperous and speedie Issue.

Pall. Madam, though a Hard Fate, or Fortane no lesse
Cruell, has set me for ever at a Hated
Distance to you. Yet another Power,
No whit Inferior to the Former, Commands me,
To direct all my Actions to your Service.
And however Unaccepted, nay Unknown,
To you, I pay these Devotions, yet
Constantlie to pay them still. In Obedience
To this Power I have engag'd my self unto
This present Voyage; an Undertaking
To me, without Design, without all Fruit:
But either, as I hope, by some Fam'd Action
To adde a Glory more unto your Name,
Or by my Seasonable Destruction,
For ever to remove a Hated Object
From your Sight. *End.* My Lord, while you strive to confesse
More Glory on me than I dare Assume,
You take some from me, which I may justly Claim;
And Blast my Honour, while you seek to Raise it.
Wrongfullie you Charge both my Innocence
And Cleareness, when you say, I Hate you,
Or can be pleas'd with your Destruction.
I have already Acknowledg'd the Highest
Benefits receiv'd from you, offer'd my Vowes to Heaven
In your behalf: and though, when these are once paid,
They doe not there take End: Yet to repeat them
Oft unto Your Self, would ill become

Eudora's tongue, and lesse the greatnesse of
Pallantus Eares. But if what's already past
Be too little to assure you, your Ruine's
No Part of my desires, by this Double Sure
I shall seek to confirm you further. First,
That you will be pleas'd to take my Brother
This Voyage with you. And let this persuade you,
I seek not your Destruction. Next, that you will
Obtain me leave to retire from Court, to pay
That Debt of teares in quiet, I have so long
Ow'd unto the Dead. And this no lesse ought
To assure you, I cannot Hate that person,
By whom I seek so farre to be Dispos'd of.

Pall. Madam, you have given me a Happiness,
Which neither Envie, Malice, nor the worst
Of Fortune can take from me.
You have set me the Onely man above
The Stroke of Fate. Whatever you desire,
After your Own manner, and in your own Time,
Will be permitted to you; and you may command
Not onely for your self, but in the behalf

Of Others. And may, I hope, after these Dayes
Of Mourning are expir'd, to see again
That Joy return into your Face, which I
Was never yet so blest'd as to behold?
And shall in that Day a Servants Humblest Sure
Take place; which now his High Respects forbid him,
Even to Name to you? *End. Now first, My Lord,*

I have seen a Weaknesse in you; but yet
I shall thus farre Remember you. That the
Gallant Ask not their Fortunes, but they Make 'em.
A more Direct Answer I must not give you.
And if it appear hard to you, that I refuse
To prophesie in that, I may seem so well

To know my Resolutions; ask the same Question
Of those that have been held the most Allowable,
And wise Diviners in your present Case,
Your Vertue, Honour, Obligations to me;
And hear what they will say. Perhaps they'll Doubt,
Or Hide their Skill; if they doe, Excuse a Virgins
Silence, when such bolder Oracles make no Reply.

Pall. Madam, let me kisse your hand — I beg your pardon:

No further shall I provoke you with my
Disorder'd Passion, though I know, nothing
But my Wonder can be encreas'd by your
Replies. Your Wisdome, Honour, Beauty,
All Incomparable, shall be the Incitements
Of my Actions unto Glory, in hope
They may hereafter prove their Crown and Ornament.
In the mean time I shall seek to know no other thing
But this, How most Worthilie I may approve
My Self your Servant. *Cleop. And Madam*

If favourablie you shall admit him

In that qualitie, we All will glory

To wear the same Title. And think not, that

A Single Person Courts you, but in a

Single Person, th' Interest of the Kingdome.

Even thus Divided I acknowledge Yee Both

To be the Chiefest Glory of your Country,

But when Yee shall be joyn'd Yee'll adde yet more

Unto her Happinesse, and be no lesse

Her Peace, and her Securitie. But I

Anticipate the Blessings of another Day,

When my Dutie commands me to give thanks

For those I have receiv'd on this. And hitherto

Our Kingdome, hath been like the Kingdome of

The Gods, Felicitie has succeeded

To Felicitie, and Joyes have Crowned Joyes.

And should this Day Conclude what it hath Begun;

I have yet reign'd a Perfect Reign; having

Beheld in Few Houres, the Strange and Various

Changes of an Age.

Exeunt Omnes.

This Play being Design'd for an entertainment of the King and Queen at York-House, at the Nuptials of the Ladie *Mary Villars*, and the Lord *Charles Herbert*, had Scenes fitted to every Passage of it throughout, and the last in this place was a Funerall Pile, bearing on the top the body of the Dead Tyrant, and set out with all the Pomp the Ancients us'd in those Ceremonies. This Scene consisted onely of Musick and Show, on the one side of the Pile stands a Consort of Musicians, representing the priests of the Land, and on the other side of it another, representing the People.

People. *Sacred Pans to Mars sing,
Notes of Triumph, not of War,
Hence your Ewe and Cypress sing,
who adorns a Trophy so?*
*These are the Spoiles of our Great Enemy,
Hang Garlands on them of the Lawrell Tree.*

1. Priest. *Hence impure and bloody Voyce,
Far be from our Mysteries,
Bidentals are Joves proper Choyce,
Holier than the Sacrifice,
Each Unskillfull Hand and Rude,
At his Alter dares intrude.*

Here all the Principall Persons of the Play enter in Mourning.

2. Priest. *Touch not then with Lips prophane,
What Heav'ns Fire hath purified,
Tears have wast away his Stain,
His Black Deeds his Blood hath died.
He for his Sinnes hath paid, with Death and Sorrow,
His Credit's more than Payes, than doth not Borrow.*

Chor. *He for his Sinnes hath paid, with Death and Sorrow,
His Credit's more, &c.*

People. *Yet still you must allow a Fault,
And that by Death his Body ought
To Expiate Offences Higher,
Then purge if Sulphur, Salt, and Fire.
Least your too partiall Favour this way bent,
Excuse the Ill, and Blame the Innocent.*

Chor. *Least your too partiall Favour this way bent,
Excuse the Ill, &c.*

About the middle of the last Stanzo, *Timon* puts a lighted Torch to the bottome of the Pile which gives fire to some Perfumes laid there on purpose; the which wraps the Pile in smoak, and smells ore all the Roome. At the End of the Song the Curtain falls, and shuts both the Scene and Actors from the Beholders Sight.

F I N I S

